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## STUDIES OF THE SPANISH DRAMA.

FROM THE FRENCH OF PHILARETE CHASLES.

(Translated for the Literary World.)

### I.

The Genius of Spain.—False ideas about it.—M. de Sismondi.—Why the genius and the theatre of Spain have been ill appreciated.

It was the misfortune of the national mind of Spain to have been too great, too naive, too spontaneous; to have too soon exhausted all its pith, and expended all its energy, without stint and without calculation; to have trusted only to its own resources, power, and fecundity; to have forgotten that the opulence of the most magnificent torrent requires replenishment at its sources, new supplies and economy in its largesses: its misfortune, in fine, was in its pride. This pride took everything upon itself. It devoured itself.

Content with production, and sure of its power, it cared little for the rest. Its conscience, its God, and its sword sufficed. It was thus that, armed with this proud and sombre cuirass, protected by this powerful rampart, inaccessible to all foreign criticism, that the Spaniards sang, moulded, painted, wrote history, made romances, pastorals, and dramas. They did not extol their paintings, they did not extend or seek to propagate their literary systems. They inclosed themselves in the consideration of their own individualities. The heat of the sun, the life of nature, the mystic beauty of the soul, and the ardent warmth of blood are reproduced on their canvas. The chances of human existence and the phenomenal varieties of the passions are exhibited in their dramas; the majesty of human will in their histories. Their day of literary eclat was splendid, but after that day came a sombre night. Our contemporaries scarcely remember that the Europe of the 16th and the 17th century has drawn from the fountain of this drama, as men draw water from a river, without any effects of the draught being perceived in it, without any one's beholding the beneficent treasure drying up or wasting. The Spanish paintings remain unknown, suspended from chapel walls. All this living flame perished, and Spain, once condemned to imitation, was nothing.

It is true that two influences, those of Italy and France, encountered Spain between 1550 and 1750, and modified her fall. But these two schools produced nothing really great.

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Since she has been submitted to the action of the North, the results of this new influence have been no better. A little more facility in versification and suppleness in construction is all that Spanish poetry has gained by her connexion with modern Italy. She has borrowed from the French writers of the 17th and 18th centuries some lucidity in the expression and connexion of ideas, and a certain taste for apparent and exterior regularity; feeble results, which do not replace what Spain possessed, fecundity, energy, above all, nationality.

This glorious nationality, entirely catholic, chivalric, and if you please, fanatic, has been recently exposed to violent objections. A very enlightened Genevese, M. de Sismondi, certainly a man of distinguished talents, a scholar of exemplary patience, has investigated Spanish manners and literature.

The spirit of the 18th century has imbued this writer to such a degree, as to render him incapable of mingling with the old genius of nations, or of feeling its worth, its fruits, or its weight. He enters the 13th century with a light of the 19th, which deforms the objects and veils rather than illuminates them. You would say that he was a musician who knew only one key, that of *sol*, for example, and who, essaying to read a partition from the book open before him, would go on confounding all the keys one with another, and would afterwards complain of the abominable tintamara which he made a gratuitous present of to the composer. With the greatest respect for the conscientious labors and the wise intentions of this savant, it is impossible, in this instance, not to call in question the rigor of his judgments. He declaims against the ferocity of manners, religious fanaticism, the exaggerated point of honor, which govern Spanish works; that is to say, against their originality, their truth, their soul, their force, and their grandeur. You might as well be scandalized at the Roman fanaticism of Tacitus, his boundless enthusiasm for grandiose suicides, and his hatred to the Jews.\*

Is ferocity of delineation wanting in *Æschylus*, *Dante*, and *Homer* even? Poetry is one thing, practical morality another. The French stage and French books abound, from *Jehan de Meung* to *Crébillon the younger*, in licentious pleasantries, which do not prevent *George Dandin* from being a *chef d'œuvre*, or *Candide* either. "What!" exclaims M. de Sismondi, "would you have us permit this adulterous mélange of which the Spaniards have been guilty: this union of religion to cruelty, license, and infamy!" Condemn the manners, or rather human infirmity, which always pays so dear for its greatness, but do not ask from these works, which spring from passion, which express national prejudice, which are moulded and cast in the very fires of the faith,—do not ask them to be without passions, without prejudice, without faith. Be not astonished that the brother slays his sister on a suspicion of female frailty, when it is the dramatist's object to satisfy the feelings of those who hold to the folly and the superstition of the point of honor. If the poet shows you a vassal giving his life to his king, without hope of recom-

pense for his family, or even of fame, you are not to be disturbed, son of the 19th century.

Let the reader of the works of Calderon and Tirso remember that they treat of Spain and of Feudality. Think of the people among whom a Guzman saw his son poniarded before his eyes, rather than become a *felon* (traitor) to his lord, and surrender to the enemy the chateau which the king had confided to him. Barbarous virtues, it is true, of another age, I grant; dangerous, if you so think; but the poet is not the iey moralist you are; he is the voice of the nations, the organ of their soul, the flame which marks their passage. As soon as he detaches himself from national passions, he is nothing, according to the beautiful expression of Dryden, "but a painted flame." He has no longer originality; he is powerless.

This originality was especially essential to the Spanish literature, which had none other than these grandly fanatic manners to draw upon. The originality of English genius even does not approach it; this last, entirely commercial, sympathetic in spite of its individuality, remaining herself; though despising no acquisition, accepts acquisitions without abdicating its frankness, its force, its Teutonic power, it permits itself alliances. She has profited from Italy; she has borrowed graces, or attempts at grace, from France. Spain, on the contrary, every time that she has succumbed to imitation, has lost herself. Liberty and spontaneity constitute her life. As soon as she departs from these, she dies.

She has not like the French, Italian, and German literatures, an epoch of renewal. Her intellectual history possesses only a magnificent flower, whose splendid bloom is followed by a rapid wane; as blossoms the cactus of her parched rocks. The ballads which were chanted by the heroes of the war against the Moors are as Catholic as the *Autos Sacramentales* of Calderon. Whilst France was in turn Italian, Spanish, English; England in turn Italian, French, German; Spain from the 13th to the 17th century, developed herself in a single direction; her first masterpieces, those of Calderon, are dictated by the same inspiration which animates the old poem of the Cid. This is what frivolous critics have not seen.

Frivolity excludes rigorous judgment; it destroys profundity, upon whose bosom truth ever repose; attention, which alone illuminates science; study, which clears away the surface and digs into the fertile soil; penetration, which destroys appearances and reaches realities; the comparison of facts, which demands time; the examination of results; the criticism of details; the courage to remount to the seources; in fine, the elevation of the ideas, which show the products of thought coincident with civilization, forming an integral part of history, and concurring in reversing thrones, or subverting republics; all these merits, if not superior, at least indispensable to philosophy and to the serious writer, are exiled by the frivolity of the mind.

### II.

Continuation.—Frivolity of criticism.—Defence of Spanish nationality.—No literature without nationality.

FRIVOLOUS criticism is often in company with excessive and unbearable pedantry. The wri-

\* See Studies on Antiquity, and on the Middle Ages. By Philarete Chasles.

ter thinks himself lucid, because he is superficial. I appeal to Bacon, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Pascal, to avenge the most brilliant and substantial qualities of thought compromised by Dr. Beattie, Abbé Coyer, M. de Marmontel, the Abbé Le Batteux, Bonhous the Jesuit, who babble so carelessly their pedantic trifles. They prove sufficiently that it does not suffice, in order to have a title to indoctrinate others, to know how to weary them with common-places trimmed to the fashion. Who more profound than Tacitus, and yet what drama more amusing than his? What more heavy and tedious than the frivolous *Varillas*! Can a style be found more fresh and lively than that of Montesquien, and more heavy and word-entangled than that of M. de Mably, who teaches us to be Phoenicians? Always where the true profundity exists, I find true clearness. As soon as you perceive in the public ideas vague and floating masses, indefinable clouds, be sure that work is yet to be done there; that those who have preceeded you have merely heaped up vapors, and have not known how to extract the light. Mistrust that careless spirit which contents itself with a certain false order, exterior brilliancy, a regular form; which circulates a few words, and believes that there is nothing more to be said. Banish these ready-made phrases, this pedantic trifling. Reject common-place. Seek for truth. Permit free and meditative spirits to mistrust and reconsider public opinion.

There are plenty of ready-made ideas on the Spanish drama. M. Linguet and Voltaire have thrown all the phrases into circulation on this subject of which we still make use. A certain facility of extravagance, a pell-mell of lovers fighting one another, of sisters falling in love, of avenging brothers, of watchful fathers, and gallants who entangle themselves in careless intrigue; such, they tell us, is the Spanish drama. In vain does it occupy a place suffic en ly vast in the *Histoire des Littératures du Midi*, by the writer of whom we have spoken. He has increased our errors and doubled the veil; he speaks only of the fanaticism, superstition, and ferocity of Spanish dramas. He has disgusted us with them, without making us acquainted with them. All his patience, his philosophy, and his erudition have not been able to penetrate beyond the surface. He has been superficially weighty, and geometrically frivolous.

His distinguished, conscientious, and persevering ability is remarkable for its inflexible character, sufficiently common in the Genevese republic founded by the severe Calvin. Certain principles once adopted serve as the rule for all his judgments. He has faith in the 18th century, and innocently supposes that the human race, before this epoch, led a life of savage superstition; the yoke of the priests, the tyranny of prejudices, presented redoubtable phantoms to his eyes. He speaks always of the "barbarous times," and forgets that all our inventions date from those obscure ages. He abhors Louis XIV., execrates fanaticism, believes in the *Eldorado* promised by honest philosophers, and carries their benevolent illusions into history. Replacing one prejudice by another, a monarchical by a dogmatical superstition, suffocating the fanaticism of the Inquisition to profess the fanaticism of Diderot, he is evidently wanting in the first qualities of an historian, the impartial suppleness which makes us sympathize with the variations of history. A just-minded man who sees wrongly, a rigid mind led astray by his own rigidity, he refers everything to the present. He does not see that the present itself is merely a mov-

ing point. Charlemagne is judged by him as he would judge the Emperor of Russia or of Austria; and he submits the acts of St. Martin, St. Gregory of Tours, or the writings of St. Thomas Aquinas to the rigorous constitutional standard. This, truly, is not just! These paladins, barons, and monks, to virtues not in your philosophy, joined vices nowadays become rare. What you style vile servitude, they called noble duty. What to you is brigand's work, was conquest to them. Leave to those personages their merit and their true devotion, who under the monk's frock or the doctor's cap inspire you with so little admiration; as good citizens as was Cato; some of them gifted with genius at least equal to that of the men of other centuries! Do you not believe that Jehan Gerson, Juvénal des Ursins, and Étienne Boileau are equals of the tribunes, the ediles, the consuls of antiquity? Do you imagine that there is so wide a difference between Lucretia and Joan of Arc; the one who only avenged her honor, the other who saved her country? Do you despise Joan because she repeated her paternosters? Lucretia and Cornelia sacrificed to the Lares. The man must have strangely narrowed and abased his mind by prejudice, who cannot esteem Thomas Aquinas, Roger Bacon, Abelard, as much or more than Varrius or Aulus Gellius, Thales or Bias!

With the end of the 18th an active re-action commenced against the idols and the enthusiasm of preceding centuries. Voltaire, a powerful organ of this movement, led with him a crowd of ardent spirits or logicians, who disseminated his theory on all sides like a flame. The fecundity of these principles has no need to be proved. It has for witnesses, M. de Sismondi in history; Volney in philosophy; Marie Chénier and Dubelloy in the drama; Lemontey, and a thousand others, in romance. Let no one be surprised at this. Negation is sterile.

Voltaire, that miraculous and devouring flame, reaching everything, possessing itself of everything, magnificent in its destructiveness, phenomenon of France, and unheard of marvel, did not pretend to organize; he wished only to destroy. He succeeded. Who then can adopt in good faith his opinions on Dante, on Ariosto, on Spain, on Milton, or even on Corneille? All fields are covered by this relentless fire. Disdain of the past, enthusiasm for the future, dictates to the bold, amusing, striking, partial, and terrible critic. Rushing, torch in hand, through the realm of intelligence and knowledge, this army general illuminates or burns as he pleases; displaying the bold ability of the party chieftain in his adventurous and triumphal course. M. de Sismondi and his pupils have adopted in too good faith the political vivacity of their master, contempt for the wisdom of ages, flippancy in opinions, disparagement of past things, bitter condemnation of everything which astonishes or wounds French taste, condemnation without appeal or inquiry of productions foreign to modern philosophy, of acts or works emanating from christianity: such is the résumé of these frivolous dogmas.

M. de Sismondi informs us, therefore, that people kill one another to a great extent in the Spanish drama; that the genius of the Inquisition breathes through it; that Spanish heroes are often brigands; that the Christian mysteries are represented; that there are instances in which the poet sanctifies murder by the symbol and by devotion; and that, in fine, all these things constituting an abominable moral, of dangerous usage, of very bad example, the tragedy, the comedy, the Mystery,

and the *Auto* of Castile, deserve the reprobation of the philosopher and the anger of the virtuous man.

There are three or four errors in this opinion. The first is the confusion of art and of morality; two things which may unite, but whose essence is evidently distinct. It is known that even Aristophanes, a great flagellator and amusing poet, corrected noboby. Why seek for sermons in dramas, which have no pretensions to be philosophical? They are popular. They exist by virtue of the national genius, in which they have their root, and without which they could not live. "Whoever studies well the theatre of a people," says an original and profound German, "has the topographical chart of its genius under his eyes, the detailed plan of its secret tendencies; not its history, but the general design of its ideas."

This German expresses in a bizarre phrase the whole secret of the theatre. The plan, the secret intentions, the mother ideas, the topographical chart of the Spanish mind are found in its theatre. Nothing more complete, nothing which accords better with the annals of this people. It cuts the throats of its enemies; all peoples have done the same. It submits itself to the Inquisition, like Rome to ancient discipline. Its fanaticism is blind, like the fanaticism of Brutus, of Scrofa, of Leonidas. You who condemn the ferocity of Christian patriotism exalt that of the Greeks! The two sentiments are the same; it is the identical passion, capable of burning the world and drowning it in blood, like all passions pushed to an extreme. Do you ask for models of moral conduct from the assassins of Aeschylus, from the incestuous plots of Euripides? Passionate activity constitutes the drama; it fills it with crimes.

In reading Calderon, M. de Sismondi has good reason to shiver. Between his trim easement and the white and rose tinged Alps, a bloody procession appears and passes, crucifix in hand. They are the bandoleros, armed with carbines, and counting the beads of their rosaries; holy virgins crucified by executioners; monks with hollow eyes, whose prayer seems that of remorse; young cavaliers in crowds who play with the poniard, and do not live a single day without an intrigue, without confession, or without a duel; then Arabs, eagle-eyed, with their curved scymeters, loaded with chains or covered by the *san benito*; in fine, all the personages whom the Spanish painters have reproduced with sublime though tardily recognised genius, terrific power, and unequalled energy. These actors have no stricter a morality than Clytemnestra, Medea, and all the old tragic monsters sprung from the bloody entrails of the mythology.

The question of morality once disposed of, another is presented, infinitely more reasonable. The Spaniards, more catholic than all catholics, more Christian than all Christians, have followed an opposite route to that of modern nations; they have not imposed any dramatic law upon themselves anterior to their own proper civilization. Since the middle ages their drama has lived on the elements of the middle age. Have they created by this procedure a theatre worthy of admiration? Have they attained the aim of the art? Have the universal laws of the beautiful governed this special unique drama, entirely Christian and chivalric?

Yes, certes, their drama, taken as a whole, appears to us superior to that of Italy, and even superior, not for philosophic force, but as dramatic, to the English drama.

(To be continued.)

POE, LONGFELLOW, AND PETER PINDAR.  
 "I REMEMBER," says Dr. Griswold, in the remarkable memoir prefixed to that still more remarkable book "The Literati," while writing of Poe's unblushing plagiarisms, "having been shown by Mr. Longfellow, several years ago, a series of papers which constitute a demonstration that Mr. Poe was indebted to him for the idea of the 'The Haunted Palace,' one of the most admirable of his poems, which he so pertinaciously asserted had been used by Mr. Longfellow in the production of his 'Beleaguered City.' Mr. L.'s poem was written two or three years before the first publication of that by Poe, and it was during a portion of this time in Poe's possession; but it was not printed, I believe, until a few weeks after the appearance of 'The Haunted Palace.' It would be absurd, as Poe himself said many times, to believe the similarity of these pieces entirely accidental." It may amuse the reader to contrast these two poems, and see how dimly the charges of this kind, Poe was in the habit of setting up against his contemporaries. Many of the passages of this nature, which Dr. G. has preserved in the "works," appear written in a spirit of pure wantonness; so that it would seem an insult to the man's understanding to believe him sincere. Though Poe was undoubtedly a great literary detector, from the artificial character of his own writings—on the principle of setting a thief to catch a thief—yet his own habits of composition were entirely unique; and we are convinced, to nearly every writer of any merit, would be utterly repulsive. Poe, it would appear, thought every brother writer as great a mechanician as himself. This was an absurdity of the man, and runs through all his heavy declamations on Plagiarism. But to the poems,—which we shall contrast with a third, as far more likely to have been the secret literary tap visited by Poe. And first for Longfellow:

## THE BELEAGUERED CITY.

I HAVE read, in some old marvellous tale,  
 Some legend strange and vague,  
 That a midnight host of spectres pale  
 Beleaguered the walls of Prague.  
 Beside the Moldau's rushing stream,  
 With the wan moon overhead,  
 There stood, as in an awful dream,  
 The army of the dead.  
 White as a sea-fog, landward bound,  
 The spectral camp was seen,  
 And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
 The river flowed between.  
 No other voice nor sound was there,  
 No drum, nor sentry's pace;  
 The mist-like banners clasped the air,  
 As clouds with clouds embrace.  
 But, when the old cathedral bell  
 Proclaimed the morning prayer,  
 The white pavilions rose and fell  
 On the alarmed air.  
 Down the broad valley fast and far  
 The troubled army fled;  
 Up rose the glorious morning star,  
 The ghastly host was dead.  
 I have read, in the marvellous heart of man,  
 That strange and mystic scroll,  
 That an army of phantoms vast and wan  
 Beleaguer the human soul.  
 Encamped beside Life's rushing stream,  
 In Fancy's misty light,  
 Gigantic shapes and shadows gleam  
 Portentous through the night.  
 Upon its midnight battle-ground  
 The spectral camp is seen,  
 And, with a sorrowful, deep sound,  
 Flows the River of Life between.

No other voice nor sound is there,  
 In the army of the grave;  
 No other challenge breaks the air,  
 But the rushing of Life's wave.  
 And, when the solemn and deep church-bell  
 Entreats the soul to pray,  
 The midnight phantoms feel the spell,  
 The shadows sweep away.  
 Down the broad Vale of Tears afar  
 The spectral camp is fled;  
 Faith shineth as a morning star,  
 Our ghastly fears are dead.

Now that poem is essentially Longfellow's; it is calm, meditative, and above all, picturesque, objective even in its subjectivity.

Poe tells his story of the human heart in another way:—

## THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the greenest of our valleys,  
 By good angels tenanted,  
 Once a fair and stately palace—  
 Radiant palace—reared its head.  
 In the monarch Thought's dominion—  
 It stood there!  
 Never seraph spread a pinion  
 Over fabric half so fair!  
 Banners yellow, glorious, golden,  
 On its roof did float and flow  
 (This—all this—was in the olden  
 Time, long ago),  
 And every gentle air that dallied,  
 In that sweet day,  
 Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,  
 A winged odor went away.  
 Wanderers in that happy valley,  
 Through two luminous windows, saw  
 Spirits moving musically,  
 To a lute's well-tuned law,  
 Round about a throne where, sitting  
 (Porphyrogenite!)  
 In state his glory well befitting,  
 The ruler of the realm was seen.  
 And all with pearl and ruby glowing  
 Was the fair palace door,  
 Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,  
 And sparkling evermore,  
 A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty  
 Was but to sing,  
 In voices of surpassing beauty,  
 The wit and wisdom of their king.  
 But evil things, in robes of sorrow,  
 Assailed the monarch's high estate  
 (Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow  
 Shall dawn upon him desolate!)

And round about his home the glory  
 That blushed and bloomed,  
 Is but a dim remembered story  
 Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now, within that valley,  
 Through the red litten windows see  
 Vast forms, that move fantastically  
 To a discordant melody;  
 While, like a ghastly rapid river,  
 Through the pale door,  
 A hideous throng rush out for ever,  
 And laugh—but smile no more.

The distinctive character of this composition is as truly Poe's, in its cold, weird desolation—the breathing of his troubled life. Yet the essential images of this poem, its material, are to be found in an author as unlike as possible, and devoted to an occasion the very reverse of this ruin of the soul—even in that rollicking wit, Wolcot (Peter Pindar), and in a love song. It occurs among some imitations of ancient writers, entitled "New-Old Ballads":—

## BALLADE.

Couldst thou looke into myne Harte,  
 Thou wouldest see a Mansion drear;

Some old haunted Tower aparte,  
 Where the spectre bands appear:  
 Sighing, gliding, ghostly forms,  
 'Mid the ruin shook by storms.  
 Yet my Harte, whiche Love doth slighte,  
 Was a Palace passing fair;  
 Which did hold thyne image bright,  
 Thee the Queen of Beauty rare;  
 Which the laughing Pleasures fill'd,  
 And fair Fortune's sunne did gild.  
 When shall my poor Harte, alas,  
 Pleasure's Palace be againe?  
 That, sweet mayde, may come to pass,  
 When thou ceasest thy disdaine:  
 For thy smiles, like beams of day,  
 Banish spectre ferms away.

Peter Pindar versus Poe! The resemblance certainly is striking—far more than in the Longfellow case, which, according to Griswold, "was the first cause of all that malignant criticism which for so many years he carried on against Mr. Longfellow"—a most gratuitous cause for envy. On this Peter Pindar evidence Poe would have hung a brother author, while the testimony taken in his own critical court on various occasions is insufficient to convict the accused of even petty larceny!

[From the *New York Daily Herald*.]

## A FAREWELL TO AMERICA.

BY LADY ENMELINE STUART WORTLEY.

FAREWELL! thou great and gracious land,  
 Glory and wonder of the earth,  
 For ever seeming to expand,  
 Wakening to new majestic birth—  
 Great, good Columbia!

Farewell! thou chosen second home  
 Of homeless thousands—countless hosts  
 That fly from desolation's doom  
 To those glad, hospitable coasts  
 Of thine, Columbia!

Of myriads thou'rt the cherished goal—  
 They shape toward thee their eagle flight;  
 A second sun thou shin'st—to soul  
 As bright as that above the sight—  
 Great, bright Columbia!

A thousand kind farewells to thee,  
 Ten thousand salutations fair;  
 Thanks, tears, and praises, gushing free,  
 And many a hushed heart-whispered prayer  
 For thee, Columbia!

Aye, thousand blessings, warm and true,  
 Ten thousand wishes for thy weal,  
 A world of homage—but thy due—  
 And all that heart can form or feel,  
 For thee, Columbia!

For thou the stranger know'st to greet  
 With welcomes glowing as the West;  
 And well the wanderer's wearied feet  
 May those kind welcomes charm to rest  
 In thee, Columbia!

What can I wish thee? All hast thou  
 That thought can dream or tongue can name;  
 Plumed victory and success thy brow  
 Have graced with every wreath of fame,  
 Thrice crowned Columbia!

Thy people's great undying love  
 Builds walls of adamant and steel—  
 Thy mightiest barrier this shall prove,  
 And pledge of thy perpetual weal,  
 Thrice armed Columbia!

What can I wish thee? Arms and arts  
 Shed o'er thee glory's richest gleam—  
 Still at thy call crowned knowledge starts—  
 What can I wish, or think, or dream  
 For thee, Columbia!

"Continuance,"—still the same career,  
 The same triumphant course!—proceed!

Onward!—with changeless, stateliest cheer,  
The universe shall follow. Lead!  
On! on! Columbia!

Thy step is lightning, and thy breath  
An earthquake-storm, far felt around;  
All earth's past life seems sleep or death  
To thy great movements, without bound,  
Thy march, Columbia!

Man's loftiest happiness and good,  
That—that thou still dost seek and ask;  
By thee 'tis nobly understood—  
'Tis made thy one great sovereign task,  
Thine aim, Columbia!

Thou crescent country!—evermore  
Showing a brighter, grander face,  
Honor to thee, still o'er and o'er,  
And honor to that glorious race—  
Thy sons, Columbia!

Thy Titan sons! they heave on high  
The mountains of their greatness still;  
Yea, their own greatness seeks the sky,  
To scale its sun-heights at their will.  
Be proud, Columbia!

No need have they of towers to aid,  
Of giant steps, or cloud-capped steeps;  
Their towering heads the heights invade,  
With feet firm planted in the deeps,  
To serve Columbia!

Their spirits sweep like waves of fire  
On the untrod shores beyond to break;  
And, as they still ascend, aspire,  
A world's foundations seem to shake—  
Not thine, Columbia!

Thou nobler, newer world sublime!  
Thou hast a long, bright race to run;  
Still shall those spirits soar and climb,  
Since naught seems gained till all is won  
For thee, Columbia!

Caucasus of creation, thou!  
Rising above all heights yet tried;  
The very spheres might seem to bow  
To meet, half way, thy crest of pride—  
Thy stars, Columbia!

Thy Titan sons! they conquering pass,  
And empire in their pathway springs;  
History uplifts for them her glass;  
Renown for them outspreads her wings,  
And shouts "Columbia!"

Thy daughters! fairy forms they wear;  
Flowers of the setting sun, in vain;  
Their smiles a rising sun appear,  
Till wins the East's own roseate reign,  
Thy West, Columbia!

Farewell to each! farewell to all!—  
The free, the beautiful, the great—  
To mount and wood, field, flood, and fall,  
Thy walls of strength, and walks of state,  
And thee, Columbia!

Let tears these parting sorrows tell;  
Sisters, sweet sisters mine, adieu!  
And, glorious brothers, fare ye well—  
If there can be farewell to you,  
And thee, Columbia!

Oh! who can say "Farewell" to thee?  
Where'er we go thy tracks we find;  
From zone to zone, from sea to sea,  
We hail thy majesty of mind,  
And thee, Columbia!

Here, thy great fleets bestride the main;  
There, thy blest missions call to Heaven;  
Here, doth thy boundless commerce reign;  
And there, thine artists' souls have striven—  
For thee, Columbia!

For thee, for thy true glory still,  
Labors full many a gifted hand;  
Works of thy sons' creative skill  
Adorn full many a stranger land,  
For thee, Columbia.

No! there is no farewell to thee—  
Still more and more thine influence spreads;  
Where'er we move, by land or sea,  
A life, a light thy presence sheds—  
Thy dower, Columbia!

A glorious life—a dazzling light—  
Blessing all those who feel and see;  
A flash—a portion of thy might—  
No! there is no farewell to thee,  
Or thine, Columbia!

And least of all, when bound to shores  
Which deathless ties with thee unite,  
What though between old ocean roars?  
England seems mingling in her might  
With thee, Columbia.

Then no farewell! but blessings still,  
And many a kindly parting word;  
And may they gain the wished for skill  
To touch and thrill an answering chord  
In thee, Columbia.

Scorn not your English sister's tones—  
Scorn not your English sister's tears,  
For they are truths—and trusting ones—  
And each a world of feeling bears,  
For your Columbia!

Be blessings on yon barks! They bring  
Friendship and faith in glad increase,  
From them what wealth of good shall spring,  
Whose richest freight is earth's deep peace—  
Thy peace, Columbia?

Away with reckless strifes and wars—  
Those barks have nobler missions found;  
The people's great ambassadors—  
Shall they shed aught but concord round?  
Say thou, Columbia!

For thou, the people's precious weal  
Dost study well, and justly weigh,  
Even with a strong and sacred zeal;  
And doth not peace best serve them, say?  
Reply, Columbia.

Blessed be the barks!—Methinks I hear,  
A shout, as of the seas—"Rejoice!  
Earth! rest in peace!" and far and near  
Repeats thy thousand thundering voice,  
"Peace! peace! Columbia."

War's glory fades, and day by day,  
Art, knowledge, enterprise, and trade  
March in magnificent array.  
That still such progress may be made,  
Heaven save Columbia!

## REVIEWS.

*Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa.* By Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq. Harpers.

If, on opening our chamber door in the morning, we should, instead of the common entry of our well-known domicil, find that we had stepped into the very centre of the planet Mars or Jupiter, with all it possesses of landscape and inhabitants, new and strange, the transition would be no more startling and abrupt than it is to pass into this extraordinary hunter's world of Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq., out of the ordinary level of the modern bookmaker; whether a writer of popular poem, domestic novel, or European travel. R. G. Cumming, from the very beginning of his African career, utterly ignores the customary civilization, and turns his back flat upon newspapers and the other common-places of the nineteenth century. He knows nothing that we of this western side of the world know, sees nothing that we see. With the first gale, as with a transforming spirit, from the desert, he is a changed man: in dress, speech, food, sleep, society, habitation. He throws aside the small usages of the day, and launches forth on a fearful scale. But, to have credence for

these wonders, we must approach the Cumbering Universe (which is mainly peopled with lions, elephants, hippopotami, and such other small deer) by degrees. Mr. C. explains his desire for elbow room in a few words:—

"In 1839 I sailed for India, to join my regiment, the 4th Madras Light Cavalry. Touching at the Cape of Good Hope, I had an opportunity of hunting several of the smaller antelopes, and obtained a foretaste of the splendid sport I was in after years so abundantly to enjoy. In India I procured a great number of specimens of natural history, and laid the foundation of a collection which has since swelled to gigantic proportions. Finding that the climate did not agree with me, I retired from the service and returned home, where, resuming my old hunting habits, I was enabled, through the kindness of a wide circle of friends, to follow my favorite pursuit of deer-stalking so successfully that I speedily found myself in possession of a fine collection of select heads from most of the Scottish deer-forests. Growing weary, however, of hunting in a country where the game was strictly preserved, and where the continual presence of keepers and foresters took away half the charm of the chase, and longing once more for the freedom of nature and the life of the wild hunter—so far preferable to that of the mere sportsman—I resolved to visit the rolling prairies and rocky mountains of the Far West, where my nature would find congenial sport with the bison, the wapiti, and the elk. With this view, I obtained a commission in the Royal Veteran Newfoundland Companies. But I speedily discovered that the prospect of getting from the barrack square would be small, and that I should have little chance of playing the Nimrod while attached to this corps. I accordingly effected an exchange into the Cape Riflemen, and in 1843 found myself once more in the country upon whose frontiers dwelt those vast herds of game which had so often fired my imagination, and made me long to revisit it."

The book opens very properly with a description of the means and appliances of Hunters' life. The most important is the Cape wagon:—

"The Cape wagon is a large and powerful, yet loosely-constructed vehicle, running on four wheels. Its extreme length is about eighteen feet, its breadth varying from three and a half to four feet; the depth of the sides is about two feet six inches in front, but higher towards the back of the wagon. All along the sides two rows of iron staples are riveted, in which are fastened the boughs forming the tent, which arches over the wagon to a height of five feet, with an awning of Caffre mat, and a strong canvas sail over all, with 'fore-clap' and 'after-clap,' which is the colonial name for two broad canvas curtains, that form part and parcel of the sail; and hang in the front and rear of the wagon, reaching to within a few inches of the ground. In the front is placed a large chest occupying the extreme breadth of the wagon, on which the driver and two passengers of ordinary dimensions can sit abreast. This is called the fore-chest, and is secured from sliding forward by two buffalo rheims, or strips of dressed hide, placed across the front of it, and secured to the sides. A similar chest is fastened in like manner to the rear of the wagon, which is called the after-chest. Along the sides of the wagon and outside of it are two longer and narrower chests called side-chests. These are supported by two horizontal bars of hard wood riveted to the bottom of the wagon. The side-chests are very convenient for holding tools, and all manner of odds and ends too numerous to mention. The fore and after chests are likewise extremely useful for containing clothing, ammunition, and a thousand small articles in daily use. Along the sides of the tent are suspended rows of square-cut canvas bags, called side-pockets, in which the traveller keeps his hair-brushes and combs, razors, knives, tooth-brushes, soap, towels, or anything else which he may wish to have at hand. I used to devote one to contain

my luncheon, which often consisted of a slice of elephant's trunk."

In perfect keeping, this immense wagon, with its incidental lunch of elephant's trunk, is driven with a great fore-slock or thong, which the colonial wagon-driver wields with great dexterity and grace. As he cracks it he produces a report nearly equal to that of a gun, and by this means signals to his leader, who is perhaps heading the oxen at the distance of a mile, to bring them up when it is time to yoke. The language is quite as extraordinary as the incidents of Cumming's world, as is shown in the delicate turns of expression let off from time to time by his assistants, in the progress of "inspanning" or yoking to:—

"When the leader brings up the oxen to the wagon to be inspanned, the wagon-driver, if possible, sends another Hottentot to his assistance, especially if any of the oxen in the span happen to be young or refractory. These, armed with a huge 'jambok' in one hand, and a handful of stones in the other, one on either flank, with shouts, yells, and imprecations, urge forward the unwilling team towards the yokes, where the driver is standing with the twelve long buffalo rheims hanging on his left arm, pouring forth a volley of soothing terms, such as, 'Ah! now, Scotland! Wo ha, Blauber! you skellum, keer dar Caroillus for Blauber, ye stand somar da, ich wiehna wha yo hadachte ist.' (Turn there for Blauber; you stand there in an absent state, I do not know where your ideas are). 'Holland, you ould Myfooty!' ('Myfooty' is a common Hottentot term, which I would defy even themselves to construe. The Dutch word 'samar,' mentioned above, is also a word to which I think I could challenge the most learned schoolmaster in the colony to attach any definite meaning. It is used both by Boers and Hottentots in almost every sentence; it is an answer to every question; and its meanings are endless). 'Slangfeilt, you neuxel! (Snakefield, you humbug!) 'Wo ha, now, Creishmann! (Crooked man). 'Orlam, you verdome Kind, vacht an bidge, ich soll you krae.' 'Civilized! you d—d child; wait a bit, I'll serve you out.' 'Vitfoot, you duivel! slahn dar fur Vitfoot, slahn ihm, dat he barst!' (Whitefoot, flog him till he bursts). 'Englandt, you ould ghoote-peach! Ah now! Wo ha! Ye dat so lowe ist in die shwör plach, und dharum so vees at inspanning! Vacht un bidge, ich soll a plach for you aitsuch. Ye lob da for nett so as ye will, mar ich soll you arter bring, whar ich kann you mach like baikam' (England, you old big paunch! Ah now! Wo ha! You who are so lazy in the heavy place, and nevertheless so vicious at inspanning. Wait a little. I shall seek out a place for you! You tramp there in front, exactly as you please; but I will yoke you further back, where I can reach you with facility.)'

The oxen which have "in these parts" fallen under our own observation, are generally slow fellows, gentlemen of heavy build, and of a rather low and sedate habit of intellect; but Mr. Cumming's oxen belong to an altogether shrewder breed. They are expected, unguided by reins, to hold the rarely-trodden roads which occur throughout the remoter parts of the colony, either by day or night; and so well trained are these sagacious animals, that it is not uncommon to meet with a pair of fore-oxen which will, of their own accord, hold the "spoor," or track of a single wagon which has, perhaps, crossed a plain six months previously. We are not long without wonders to justify the full-blown trumpet of preparation; for, with that diversity from our common experiences which prevails everywhere with Cumming, one of the first objects we encounter is a herd of springboks or South-

African antelopes, of whose numbers and habits we have the following inkling:—

"The springbok is so termed by the colonists on account of its peculiar habit of springing or taking extraordinary bounds, rising to an incredible height in the air, when pursued. The extraordinary manner in which springboks are capable of springing is best seen when they are chased by a dog. On these occasions, away start the herd, with a succession of strange perpendicular bounds, rising with curved loins high into the air, and at the same time elevating the snowy folds of long white hair on their haunches and along their back, which imparts to them a peculiar fairy-like appearance, different from any other animal. They bound to the height of ten or twelve feet, with the elasticity of an India-rubber ball, clearing at each spring from twelve to fifteen feet of ground, without apparently the slightest exertion. In performing the spring, they appear for an instant as if suspended in the air, when down come all four feet again together, and, striking the plain, away they soar again, as if about to take flight. The herd only adopt this motion for a few hundred yards, when they subside into a light elastic trot, arching their graceful necks and lowering their noses to the ground, as if in sportive mood. Presently pulling up, they face about, and reconnoiter the object of their alarm. In crossing any path or wagon-road on which men have lately trod, the springbok invariably clears it by a single surprising bound; and when a herd of perhaps many thousands have to cross a track of the sort, it is extremely beautiful to see how each antelope performs this feat, so suspicious are they of the ground on which their enemy, man, has trodden. They bound in a similar manner when passing to leeward of a lion, or any other animal of which they entertain an instinctive dread.

"The accumulated masses of living creatures which the springboks exhibit on the greater migrations is utterly astounding, and any traveller witnessing it as I have, and giving a true description of what he has seen, can hardly expect to be believed, so marvelous is the scene.

"They have been well and truly compared to the wasting swarms of locusts, so familiar to the traveller in this land of wonders. Like them, they consume every green thing in their course, laying waste vast districts in a few hours, and ruining in a single night the fruits of the farmer's toil. The course adopted by the antelopes is generally such as to bring them back to their own country by a route different from that by which they set out. Thus their line of march sometimes forms something like a vast oval or an extensive square, of which the diameter may be some hundred miles, and the time occupied in this migration may vary from six months to a year."

We have seen one or two locusts in the course of our lives; but that is not Mr. Roualeyn Cumming's way,—everything with him, however simple and familiar to us, is on a large scale:—

"On the following day I had the pleasure of beholding the first flight of locusts that I had seen since my arrival in the colony. We were standing in the middle of a plain of unlimited length, and about five miles across, when I observed them advancing. On they came like a snow-storm, flying slow and steady, about a hundred yards from the ground. I stood looking at them until the air was darkened with their masses, while the plain on which we stood became densely covered with them. Far as the eye could reach—east, west, north, and south—they stretched in one unbroken cloud, and more than an hour elapsed before their devastating legions had swept by. I was particularly struck with this most wonderful and truly interesting sight; and I remember at the time my feeling was one of self-gratulation at having visited a country where I could witness such a scene."

With a parenthetic provision for springbok in troops of "at least" ten thousand, we come

upon a species of wild bull, known as the "gemsbok," whose speed is quite equal to the bounding powers of the antelope; and are treated with a marvellous disclosure in reference to ostrich eggs. We supposed that we knew something of ostrich eggs, always writing in presence of one of the first class, which we have been educated to regard as something peculiar and extraordinary; we are the only person in a large circle of well informed men, at all, possessed of an ostrich egg, and have rather prided ourselves in pointing it out on the mantel, with the frequent question, in wonder and doubt, *Is that an ostrich egg?* See how coolly all such pretensions are set aside by Cumming, and our entire theory of ostrich incubation calmly disposed of:—

"In the evening two of the Hottentots walked into camp, bending under a burden of ostrich eggs, having discovered a nest containing five-and-thirty. Their manner of carrying them amused me. Having divested themselves of their leather 'crackers,' which in colonial phrase means trowsers, they had secured the ankles with rheimpys, and having converted them into bags, they had crammed them with as many ostrich eggs as they would contain. They left about half of the number behind concealed in the sand, for which they returned on the following morning. While encamped at this vley we fell in with several nests of ostriches, and here I first ascertained a singular propensity peculiar to these birds. If a person discovers the nest, and does not at once remove the eggs, on returning he will most probably find them all smashed. This the old birds almost invariably do, even when the intruder has not handled the eggs or so much as ridden within five yards of them. The nest is merely a hollow scooped in the sandy soil, generally among heath or other low bushes; its diameter is about seven feet; it is believed that two hens often lay in one nest. The hatching of the eggs is not left, as is generally believed, to the heat of the sun, but, on the contrary, the cock relieves the hen in the incubation. These eggs form a considerable item in the Bushman's cuisine, and the shells are converted into water-flasks, cups, and dishes. I have often seen Bushgirls and Bakalhari women, who belong to the wandering Bechuanas tribes of the Kalahari desert, come down to the fountains from their remote habitations, sometimes situated at an amazing distance, each carrying on her back a kaross or a net-work containing from twelve to fifteen ostrich egg-shells, which had been emptied by a small aperture at one end: these they fill with water, and cork up the hole with grass."

Fancy-dress-adventures have a fashion of their own in the Bush Country, too:—

"A favorite method adopted by the wild Bushman for approaching the ostrich and other varieties of game is to clothe himself in the skin of one of these birds, in which, taking care of the wind, he stalks about the plain, cunningly imitating the gait and motions of the ostrich until within range, when, with a well-directed poisoned arrow from his tiny bow, he can generally seal the fate of any of the ordinary varieties of game. These insignificant-looking arrows are about two feet six inches in length; they consist of a slender reed, with a sharp bone head, thoroughly poisoned with a composition, of which the principal ingredients are obtained sometimes from a succulent herb, having thick leaves, yielding a poisonous milky juice, and sometimes from the jaws of snakes. The bow barely exceeds three feet in length; its string is of twisted sinews. When a Bushman finds an ostrich's nest, he encloses himself in it, and there awaits the return of the old bird, by which means he generally secures the pair. It is by means of these little arrows that the majority of the fine plumes are obtained which grace the heads of the fair throughout the civilized world."

With a little adventure with a critical porcu-

pine, slightly bordering on the marvellous, only half a page off.—

"As day dawned I came upon a handsome old porcupine, taking his morning airing. At first sight he reminded me of a badger. Unwilling to discharge my rifle, as it was probable that we were in the vicinity of oryx, I resolved to attempt his destruction with the thick end of my 'jambok,' the porcupine, like the seal, being easily killed with a blow on the nose. I jumped off my horse, and after a short race, in which I tried him with many turns, when he invariably doubled back between my legs, giving me the full benefit of his bristling quills, I succeeded in killing him with the jambok, but not till I had received several wounds in my hands. My boys the while sat grinning in their saddles, enjoying the activity of their 'baas'."

By way of lights overhead,—all in the same strain,—they have for some evenings "a large bright comet, with a tearing fiery tail, which, to the best of his (Cumming's) recollection, shone brightly in the clear firmament for five or six weeks." Then we have, to match the bounding springbok and the Eclipse grimbok, the besbok antelope, whose hair emits "a most delicious and powerful perfume of flowers and sweet-smelling herbs."

Cumming's bedfellows are equally strange with his waking acquaintances:—

"On the 12th," he says, "I bagged two bull wildebeests and two springboks to the northward of my camp. In the evening I took my pillow and 'komberse,' or skin blanket, to the margin of a neighboring vley, where I had observed doe blesboks drink. Of these I had not yet procured a single specimen, which I was very anxious to do, as they likewise carry fine horns, which, though not so thick as those of the males, are more gracefully formed. Shortly after I had lain down, two porcupines came grunting up to me, and stood within six feet of where I lay. About midnight an old wildebeest came and stood within ten yards of me, but I was too lazy to fire at him. All night I heard some creature moving in the cracked earth beneath my pillow; but, believing it to be a mouse, I did not feel much concerned about the matter. I could not, however, divest myself of a painful feeling that it might be a snake, and wrapped my blanket tight round my body. Awaking at an early hour the following morning, I forgot to look for the tenant who had spent the night beneath my pillow. No blesbok appearing, I stalked an old springbok through the rushes, and shot him."

And now we come to the grand central figure of the Cumming's panorama,—the King of the African revels! the hero of the story! and the only personage who, in his majesty and strength of lung, can for a moment overtop and outrun the African Columbus himself.

Mr. Roualeyn Cumming is perfectly conscious of the importance of the appearance of his grand object on the scene; and imparts to his entrance on the stage whatever of impressiveness and dignity of interest he can:—

"The night of the 19th was to me rather a memorable one, as being the first on which I had the satisfaction of hearing the deep-toned thunder of the lion's roar. Although there was no one near to inform me by what beast the haughty and impressive sounds which echoed through the wilderness were produced, I had little difficulty in divining. There was no mistake about it; and on hearing it I at once knew, as well as if accustomed to the sound from my infancy, that the appalling roar which was uttered within half a mile of me was no other than that of the mighty and terrible king of beasts. Although the dignified and truly monarchical appearance of the lion has long rendered him famous among his fellow quadrupeds, and his appearance and habits have often been described by abler pens than mine, nevertheless, I consider that a few remarks, resulting from my

own personal experience, formed by a tolerably long acquaintance with him both by day and by night, may not prove uninteresting to the reader. There is something so noble and imposing in the presence of the lion, when seen walking with dignified self-possession, free and undaunted, on his native soil, that no description can convey an adequate idea of his striking appearance. The lion is exquisitely formed by nature for the predatory habits which he is destined to pursue. Combining in comparatively small compass the qualities of power and agility, he is enabled, by means of the tremendous machinery with which nature has gifted him, easily to overcome and destroy almost every beast of the forest, however superior to him in weight and stature."

With our lion ready to roar, we can now safely ring up the curtain on the interior wonders of the great Cumming's cosmos of "rare wild animals."

#### GHOSTS AND GHOST-SEEKS.

*The Night-Side of Nature; or, Ghosts and Ghost-Seeers.* By Catharine Crowe, author of "Susan Hopley," &c. New York: Redfield.

*The Phantom World.* The History and Philosophy of Spirits, Apparitions, &c., &c. From the French of Augustine Calmet. With a Preface and Notes, by the Rev. Henry Christmas. Phila.: A. Hart.

We should have expected the author of the latest prize essay upon drunkenness to strike out a brilliant essay upon "Poets and Poetry," as soon as have looked for a sober dalliance with the mystical and supernatural, from the same pen which wrote Susan Hopley. Yet Mrs. Crowe has served up the inhabitants of the spirit-land in piquant sauce; and cleverly fulfilled the task of making the ghost-seer as common-place a personage as the snuff-taking Indian at the sign of a tobaccoconist. She has invested "the Dreamer" with such extraordinary psychological attributes, that even old staggers will pause before eating the last bit-bit of a sirloin steak at midnight, lest in "dire dreams" they dream some relative out of the world or seriously affect the pedigree of the family. She has industriously collected so many "warnings" that the militia summoner ceases to be a dreaded personage. Her narrations of "remarkable trances" are so vivid that one may well shudder each night at blowing the candle out, and "wrapping the drapery of his couch about him." When she speaks of "wraiths," we involuntarily resolve never to tread the West Point heights after twilight, lest we be used as a frightful example (like the brother of the itinerant temperance lecturer, who used to "drink up" for the lecture, that he might be pointed out), in future addenda. When we read with her of "Doppelgangers, or self-seers," we are fain to gesture at a looking-glass. Her sketches of "Haunted Houses" squint meaningly at the desolation of all the houses about Dr. Muhlenburg's church. And her "Miscellaneous Phenomena of Apparitions" make fine work for the hairdresser.

We know of no work which could follow more clinchingly upon the late editorials of the Tribune, and kindred gazettes, touching the Mysterious Knockings which have so mysteriously faded into obscurity, after bankrupting the worthy head of the Hotel where they had their "manifestations" for poets in general, and poet-mongers in particular. Redfield, in his *Night-Side of Nature*, has made a scare-crowe for the eawing of any birds of small mystical plummage, or for any fish-es and fox-es of supernaturally burrowing tendencies. The "Thousand and One Phantoms," in our vo-

lume, put to flight all such small fry as rappers.

We have always had a profound respect for ghosts. We have passed many nights in chambers, handed down in tradition from tenant to tenant, as being decidedly haunted. We have mused over the plates in an old copy of that terrible book, "The Three Spaniards," at the witching time of night. We have yawned with churchyards, and leaned of an October night on the fence of the Chrystie street burying-ground. We saw the Gambler's wife at the old Park Theatre, when the pit seats beside us were thick with the falling hairs of perturbed spirits in the upper tiers. But with all our Mahomet-like pilgrimages to the Mountain—with all our perseverance of research after Ghosts, we never saw one. Perhaps we should be terribly frightened if we did see one. Perhaps these is yet in store for our scepticism an apparition, in comparison with whose hideousness all former representatives of the class are mere "mummers." Ghosts are decidedly in fashion nowadays. A worthy neighbor, of deeply ruminative character, is firm in the belief that the person sworn to as Dr. Parkman, and seen after the hour of the murder, was his eccentric spectre, fulfilling the errands interrupted by the death-blow. It may be well to be preparing for any chance encounter with a spirit. Some one has said he never embraced a friend or a relative without thinking he was heaping endearments on a skeleton: and although the thought may be more whimsical than agreeable, it is doubtless a useful one, in preparation for emergencies.

Ghosts generally are poor logicians; not to be too irreverent, they are sometimes great blockheads. Many of those doubly immortalized by Mrs. Crowe, are of this sort. The best reproof of a ghost's error in judgment (employing a mild term, as we get into the short hours of the morning in a ghostly study-room) is to be found in the *Pickwick Papers*. A ghost inhabits a closet, the scene of many earthly trials and misfortunes. It is his tactics to frighten all trespassing lodgers. To one of these he appears: but the equanimity of the ghost-seer in that instance is not in the least disturbed. He talks with the apparition, who narrates his tale of earthly woe. "Ghost," say the lodger, "this is a poor room; you say you have the range of the whole world. Therefore it strikes me that you are very foolish to stick by this unpleasant spot, when you can visit so many beautiful places." Ghosts so invariably appeal to the imagination, that the conclusion is by no means forced that imagination is their parent. They address the fears and not the judgment—like a camp-meeting exhorter.

Our first idea of a ghost was taken from the ghost of Hamlet's father, which we saw for the first time in a marvellous era of juvenility. For years the term ghost suggested a melancholic individual, as tall and large as Manager Barry, habited in a heavy suit of armor, and walking in measured stride as if about to throw a roll of paper at the top of the bass viol in the orchestra. During this period, if we had encountered the most genteel spirit who ever aired himself in linen and lace of spotless hue, we should have given him the time of night without a qualm; he would have been no ghost in our eyes.

Both of the volumes now before us are illustrations of the fact that books upon subjects out of the ordinary range of literary labor are usually responsive to some particular agitation in the public mind with regard to the topics upon which they treat. Books about

ghosts and supernatural phenomena in general will find a readier market now than ever before. The growing scepticism of one class of the community is counterbalanced by a corresponding growth of superstition in another class. With us the recent rappings above alluded to excited a greater degree of real enthusiasm in the supernatural direction, than many even of those who went so far as to pay their dollar to hear the spirits suppose. From the night of the Rev. Dr. Griswold's conclave, the stamp of celebrity was affixed to the credentials of the rappers. Even those who sneered at them framed their hypotheses as to the probable cause of the mystery. On the top of all this discussion and sham spirit-work come Mrs. Crowe and the Rev. Henry Christmas with two sizable books full of real ghosts. These Döpplegangers and Poltergeists are not to be shoved aside with an incredulous "pshaw!" The following specimens of their proceedings are enough to convince the most sceptical:—

#### DÖPPELGANGERS AND SELF-SEEING.

Dr. Kerner mentions the case of a lady named Dillenius, who was awakened one night by her son, a child six years of age; her sister-in-law, who slept in the same room, also awoke at the same time, and all three saw Madame Dillenius enter the room, attired in a black dress, which she had lately bought. The sister said, "I see you double! you are in bed, and yet you are walking about the room." They were both extremely alarmed, while the figure stood between the doors in a melancholy attitude with the head leaning on the hand. The child—who also saw it, but seems not to have been terrified—jumped out of bed, and running to the figure, put his hand through it as he attempted to push it, exclaiming, "Go away, you black woman." The form, however, remained as before; and the child, becoming alarmed, sprang into bed again. Madam Dillenius expected that the appearance foreboded her own death; but that did not ensue. A serious accident immediately afterwards occurred to her husband, and she fancied there might be some connexion between the two events.

There are numerous examples of similar phenomena to be met with. Professor Stilling relates that he heard from the son of Madame M.—, that his mother, having sent her maid up stairs on an errand, the woman came running down in a great fright, saying that her mistress was sitting above, in her arm-chair, looking precisely as she had left her below. The lady went up stairs, and saw herself as described by the woman, very shortly after which she died.

Dr. Werner relates that a jeweller at Ludwigsburg, named Ratzel, when in perfect health, one evening, on turning the corner of a street, met his own form, face to face. The figure seemed as real and lifelike as himself; and he was so close as to look into its very eyes. He was seized with terror, and it vanished. He related the circumstance to several people, and endeavored to laugh, but, nevertheless, it was evident he was painfully impressed with it. Shortly afterwards, as he was passing through a forest, he fell in with some wood-cutters, who asked him to lend a hand to the ropes with which they were pulling down an oak-tree. He did so, and was killed by its fall.

Becker, professor of mathematics at Rostock, having fallen into argument with some friends regarding a disputed point of theology, on going to his library to fetch a book which he wished to refer to, saw himself sitting at the table in the seat he usually occupied. He approached the figure, which appeared to be reading, and, looking over its shoulder, he observed that the book open before it was a Bible, and that, with one of the fingers of the right hand, it pointed to the passage—*Make ready thy house, for thou must die!* He returned to the company, and related what he had seen, and,

in spite of all their arguments to the contrary, remained fully persuaded that his death was at hand. He took leave of his friends, and expired on the following day, at six o'clock in the evening. He had already attained a considerable age.

Stilling relates that a government-officer, of the name of Triplin, in Weimar, on going to his office to fetch a paper of importance, saw his own likeness sitting there, with the deed before him. Alarmed, he returned home, and desired his maid to go there and fetch the paper she would find on the table. The maid saw the same form, and imagined that her master had gone by another road, and got there before her. His mind seems to have preceded his body.

The landrichter, or sheriff, F——, in Frankfort, sent his secretary on an errand. Presently afterwards, the secretary re-entered the room, and laid hold of a book. His master asked him what had brought him back, whereupon the figure vanished, and the book fell to the ground. It was a volume of Linnaeus. In the evening, when the secretary returned, and was interrogated with regard to his expedition, he said that he had fallen into an eager dispute with an acquaintance, as he went along, about some botanical question, and had ardently wished he had had his Linnaeus with him to refer to.

Edward Stern and a marvellous cook at Ebersdorf settle this matter by their strange experience:—

Edward Stern, author of some German works, had a friend who was frequently seen *out of the body*, as the Germans term it; and the father of that person was so much the subject of this phenomenon, that he was frequently observed to enter his house while he was yet working in the fields! His wife used to say to him, "Why, papa, you came home before;" and he would answer, "I dare say, I was so anxious to get away earlier, but it was impossible."

The cook in a convent of nuns, at Ebersdorf, was frequently seen picking herbs in the garden, when she was in the kitchen and much in need of them.

As to troubled spirits, Mrs. Crowe furnishes a great many very satisfactory particulars, as for instance—

#### TRROUBLED SPIRITS.

Duke Christian was sitting one morning in his study, when he was surprised by a knock at his door—an unusual circumstance, since the guards as well as the people in waiting were always in the ante-room. He, however, cried, "Come in!" when there entered, to his amazement, a lady in an ancient costume, who, in answer to his inquiries, told him that she was no evil spirit, and would do him no harm; but that she was one of his ancestors, and had been the wife of Duke John Casimer, of Saxe-Coburg. She then related that she and her husband had not been on good terms at the period of their deaths, and that, although she had sought a reconciliation, he had been inexorable; pursuing her with unmitigated hatred, and injuring her by unjust suspicions; and that, consequently, although she was happy, he was still wandering in cold and darkness, between time and eternity. She had, however, long known that one of their descendants was destined to effect this reconciliation for them, and they were rejoiced to find the time for it had at length arrived. She then gave the duke eight days to consider if he were willing to perform this good office, and disappeared; whereupon he consulted a clergyman, in whom he had great confidence, who, after finding the ghost's communication verified, by a reference to the annals of the family, advised him to comply with her request.

As the duke had yet some difficulty in believing it was really a ghost he had seen, he took care to have his door well watched; she, however, entered at the appointed time, unseen by the attendants, and, having received the duke's promise, she told him she would return with her husband on the

following night; for that, though she could come by day, he could not; that then, having heard the circumstances, the duke must arbitrate between them, and then unite their hands, and bless them. The door was still watched, but nevertheless the apparitions both came, the Duke Casimer in full royal costume, but of a livid paleness; and when the wife had told her story, he told his. Duke Christian decided for the lady, in which judgment Duke Casimer fully acquiesced. Christian then took the ice-cold hand of Casimer and laid it in that of his wife, which felt of a natural heat. They then prayed and sang together, and the apparitions disappeared, having foretold that Duke Christian would ere long be with them. The family records showed that these people had lived about one hundred years before Duke Christian's time, who himself died in 1707, two years after these visits of his ancestors. He desired to be buried in quicklime—it is supposed from an idea that it might prevent his ghost walking the earth.

The costume in which they appeared was precisely that they had worn when alive, as was ascertained by a reference to their portraits.

The expression that her husband was *wandering in cold and darkness, between time and eternity*, is here very worthy of observation, as are the circumstances that his hand was cold, while hers was warm; and also, the greater privilege she seemed to enjoy. The hands of the unhappy spirits appear, I think, invariably to communicate a sensation of cold.

I have heard of three instances of persons now alive, who declare that they hold continued intercourse with their deceased partners. One of these is a naval officer, whom the author of a book lately published, called 'The Unseen World,' appears to be acquainted with. The second is a professor in a college in America, a man of eminence and learning, and full of activity and energy—yet he assured a friend of mine that he receives constant visits from his departed wife, which afford him great satisfaction. The third example is a lady in this country. She is united to a second husband, has been extremely happy in both marriages, and declares that she receives frequent visits from her first. Oberlin, the good pastor of *Ban de la Roche*, asserted the same thing of himself. His wife came to him frequently after her death; was seen by the rest of his household, as well as himself; and warned him beforehand of many events that occurred.

The "Phantom World" begins at the beginning, with the good angels mentioned in the Old Testament; then goes to those who appeared in more "questionable shape," and for less benevolent purposes, and after discussing the ancient laws of magic and sorcery, plunges into the whole mystery of ghosts, vampires, witches, apparitions, demons, and the like. It is a curious and entertaining book, full of research and curious ghost-lore. We advise our readers not to touch it after early bed-time; as sure as they do, they will be visited by worse döpplegangers than any we have read of above. Such a company of strange spirits as the "Phantom World" lets loose upon the reading public, is not often to be met with, and for the sake of sound sleep, the volume should be read in broad daylight.

#### Domestic History of the American Revolution.

By Mrs. Ellet. Baker & Scribner.

A SIMPLE narration of the private events of the Revolution, which, by the lapse of time, have become almost legendary. They are mere anecdotes, told in an unadorned manner, and with studied simplicity of diction. The author trusts rightly to the subject itself. The fire is to be created, not by any laborious process of language, by no friction of words which would remind one of the Indian method of kindling their fuel—but is to be found within the hearts of every American reader.

In these days when some, foully recreant to the memories of their fathers, talk dissension and plot disunion, we need to be reminded to whose sufferings and dangers, to the dissemination of what principles this mighty country's freedom is owing. For ever cursed by all the good, the brave, and the patriotic, will be the memory of that man, who dare raise his sacrilegious hand against the Union and Constitution of his country.

Would that the same unanimity now prevailed, and we were all united, as were our ancestors in that olden time, when they leagued together freed from sectional jealousy or party bitterness, to do their heroic duty. If stimulus is wanting, this book will furnish plenty, in the anecdotes which are told of all classes and conditions. The women were then foremost in well-doing, as we can see by "a letter written by a lady of P. :—

" My only brother I have sent to the camp with my prayers and blessings. I hope he will not disgrace me; I am confident he will behave with honor, and emulate the great examples he has before him; and had I twenty sons and brothers they should go. I have retrenched every superfluous expense in my table and family; tea I have not drunk since last Christmas, nor bought a new cap or gown since your defeat at Lexington; and what I never did before, have learned to knit, and am now making stockings of American wool for my servants; and this way do I throw in my mite to the public good. I have the pleasure to assure you that these are the sentiments of all my sister Americans. They have sacrificed assemblies, parties of pleasure, tea-drinking, and finery, to that great spirit of patriotism that actuates all degrees of people throughout this extensive continent."

" The patriotic sacrifices of the women were made with a deep enthusiasm. Some gave their own property, and went from house to house to solicit contributions for the army. Colors were embroidered by fair hands, and presented with the charge never to desert them, and arms and ammunition were provided with the same liberal zeal. The needy shared the fruit of their industry and economy, and their firmness and intrepidity supplied every persuasive that could animate to perseverance and secure fidelity. A lady in Ulster County, New York, studied medicine that she might be qualified, while the physicians were absent with the army, to attend to the poor families in the country around her.

" When, after the battle of Bunker Hill, Gen. Washington called on the inhabitants of the country to send to head-quarters every ounce of powder or lead at their disposal, few withheld their portion, and the weights of cloaks and window-sashes, as well as cups and dishes, were melted down and sent as willing offerings. At this time the more precious metals had not found their way to the tables of New Englanders, and throughout the country services of pewter, scoured to the brightness of silver, covered the board, even in the mansions of the wealthy. Some who had moulds for casting bullets melted all their platters, pans, and dishes into balls.

" When the approach of winter this year brought fears that the resources of the country would hardly yield supplies for the pressing wants of the army, the women were active in benevolent efforts. The supply of domestic cloth, designed for families, was in a short time converted by the labor of the females into coats for the soldiers; sheets and blankets were fashioned into shirts; and even the flannel already made up was altered into men's habiliments. Such aid was rendered by many whose deeds of disinterested generosity were never known beyond their own immediate neighborhood!"

Again:—

" Tradition relates that some of the women in Philadelphia, whose husbands were in the American army, used to procure intelligence through a

market boy, who came into the city to bring provisions, and carried the dispatches sent by his friends in the back of his coat. One morning, when there was some reason to fear he was suspected, and his movements watched, a young girl undertook to get the papers. She went to market, and in a pretended game of romps, threw her shawl over the boy's head, thus securing the prize. She hastened with the papers to her friends, who read them with deep interest, after the windows had been carefully closed. When news came of Burgoyne's surrender, the sprightly girl, not daring to give vent openly to her exultation, put her head up the chimney and gave a shout for Gates."

We owe Mrs. Ellet our thanks, not only for a volume of pleasant and interesting reading, but for the noble incentives which this compilation cannot fail to create in the hearts of her readers.

*Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects*, translated from the Italian of Vasari, by Mrs. Jonathan Foster. Vol. I. London: Bohn. New York: Bangs, Brother & Co.

READING about art has, we think, the same tranquillizing effect on the mind, as the study and enjoyment afforded by her beautiful products to the eye. We are withdrawn from the noisy, turbulent streets, to the quiet repose of the studio; from the turmoil of the present to the silence of the past. We see these great painters as we do the heroes they have portrayed on the historic canvas, elevated from the commonplace of everyday life, yet with all their innate force and individual character as evident to us as if we had known and conversed with them; perhaps, in many cases, more truly; for the faithful word-picture, as the faithful canvas, often presents its subject, grasped through all its subterfuges and outer coverings by the keen eye of genius, in truer colors than are ever shed in the ordinary converse of society.

As the graphic art has aided the historian's as we couple Titian's head with Robertson's Chronicle of Charles V., as we cannot read Hume without bluff King Hal, and bedizened Bess, and sad, beautiful Mary, rising in our mind's eye, so does the historian aid the painter. With what increased interest do we look on Raphael's pure Madonnas, knowing that the painter's character was mild and his manners winning, that his features were fair, and that he died young. Is not the same feeling excited by the analogy between the life and works of his great competitor, Michael Angelo? Do we not understand the wonders of the Sistine Chapel, wonders whether of success or failure, showing ruggedness as well as strength,—a Dante's sternness with a Dante's power,—from our knowledge of the man and his struggles.

This parallel might be run through all the great names of Art. We turn, however, from this inviting prospect, to the still pleasanter labor before us, as we would turn from a rapt admiration of a magnificent prospect, with a still higher joy, to thank the friend who had brought us to it, had we been fortunate enough to have been so introduced. Georgio Vasari's Lives of the Artists has been repeatedly reprinted in his own language, but now first appears in our own tongue. We do not know of an instance in which the works of an author, whose name has been so long and extensively cited as the ultimate authority on so extensive a subject as the early history of Italian art, have so long remained untranslated. The cause is probably to be found in the fact that the lovers of art, both artists and amateurs, have been compelled to visit Italy to satisfy their taste or curiosity, and have thus acquired

a sufficient knowledge of the language of the country to read its authors in their own tongue. The previous education also of amateurs, the very fondness for pictures implying mental cultivation, in many cases provided them with a knowledge of the Italian.

Art has now become popularized. We have come to it, and it has come to us. Facilities of communication now make Rome as accessible to the traveller as were Paris or the cities of our own South and West a few years ago. Thus we have many of us sought her in her capitol—gone to her: while the improvements in engraving, the invention of lithography, and the perfecting of the art of wood engraving, has brought art to us. We thus see the popular mind turned to art, sympathizing with and craving its productions. The next step is sympathy with its producers, curiosity about its history; and this, Mr. Bohn, still in advance of the public taste, as we think he has been in many volumes of his series, but only far enough in advance to head off, not distance, the public, has liberally purveyed for by issuing this original translation at the cheapest possible price.

The value of Vasari's work lies rather in its industriously-collected facts, and the evident fairness of the author, than in the graces of style. Yet these are not wanting. Those who, like Izaak Walton, prize a writer for simplicity and earnestness, one who writes from the love of his theme and not in the book-making spirit, will, if they admire Art themselves, prize this book. There is, necessarily, much sameness in it; there is much cataloguing to be got through with in the enumeration of different artists' works, and the locality in which they are placed, but this is relieved by many pleasant anecdotes and quaint reflections. It must be confessed that our author is occasionally careless as regards matters of fact, but his trippings in this respect have been carefully watched and noted by the various editors through whose hands the work has passed, both Italian and German, all of which are translated in the present edition.

The work originally appeared in 1550. A second edition, with the original matter mostly re-written, and with large additions, was published in 1568. It has been repeatedly reprinted; the last edition, the eleventh, commenced in 1846, being still in course of publication. As a specimen of the author's style, and of his good stories, we extract the following. It gives us a glimpse into the monastic life, and seems to contradict the testimony of the old song, that

No monarch, or \*quire, or knight of the shire,  
Lives half so well as a holy friar;

though perhaps the complaints of Paolo go to prove that he was used to better fare from other monks, than that indulged in by the brethren of San Miniato:

" In San Miniato, without the city of Florence, this master painted the lives of the Holy Fathers in one of the cloisters. This work was principally in *terra verde*, but was partly colored; and here Paolo did not pay sufficient regard to the harmony, which the artist should study to preserve in stories that are represented with one color only, seeing that he made his fields blue, his cities red, and the buildings varied, as best pleased his fancy, wherein he committed an error, for whatever we feign to make of stone, cannot and ought not to be tinted with other colors. It is said that when Paolo was occupied with this work, the abbot, who then ruled at San Miniato, gave him scarcely anything to eat but cheese, of which our painter, who was shy and timid, becoming tired, resolved to go no more to work at the cloister. The abbot sent to inquire the cause of his absence;

but when Paolo heard the monks asking for him, he would never be at home, and if he chanced to meet any of the brothers of that Order in the streets of Florence, he hurried away with all speed, flying from them as fast as he was able. One day, two of the friars, more curious than the rest, and younger than Paolo, ran after and overtook him. They then inquired why he did not come to finish the work he had commenced, and wherefore he fled at the sight of one of their body? "You have so murdered me," replied Paolo, "that I not only run away from you, but dare not stop near the house of any joiner, or even pass by one, and all that is owing to the bad management of your abbot, for what with his cheese-pies and cheese-soup, he has made me swallow such a mountain of cheese, that I am all turned into cheese myself, and tremble lest the carpenters should take me to make their glue with; of a surety, if I stayed with you any longer, I should be no more Paolo, but cheese." The monks, departing from him with peals of laughter, told the story to their abbot, who prevailed on him to return to his work, with the promise that he would order him dishes not made of cheese."

*Echoes of the Universe: from the World of Matter and the World of Spirit.* By the Rev. Henry Christmas. Phila.: A. Hart.

This work originally consisted of a series of lectures delivered by the author before the members of a branch of the Church of England Young Men's Society for Promoting Missions at Home and Abroad. It has since, the author informs us in his preface, been rewritten, and arranged into continuous chapters.

The object of the book is to show the intimate connexion between science and religion. It is divided into two parts, the first treating of the material and visible universe, the second of the unseen and spiritual. The author commences with the material universe in the far-off "in the beginning" of Moses, tracing his brief account of the creation with that to be inferred from the geological facts at present known to us, and showing that although the latter have modified the verbal acceptance of the history as given in Genesis, their agreement in essentials is perfect. The concessions made from the old standard literal acceptance of the record that the world was made in six days, are strikingly summed up in the chapter on Geology.

In a chapter on the Natural History of the Ancient World, a curious abstract is given of the surmises of the learned in reference to the Trees of Life and of the Knowledge of Good and Evil, and of the form of the serpent previous to the curse.

The concluding chapter of the first part is an excellent demonstration of the value of scientific knowledge to ordinary Christians, and especially to Missionaries, who have often to combat old and elaborate theories relative to the creation and early history of the world.

The second part opens with an examination of the various appearances of the Deity on the earth, as recorded in the Scripture, from the period before the fall to the conversion of St. Paul. This is followed by a dissertation on the angels, their ranks, orders, and duties, as represented in the Bible and in the fanciful traditions of the Jews, Turks, and other nations, the fall of the evil angels, and the power of Satan.

The succeeding chapter is devoted to the cases of demoniacal possession as recorded in Scripture, and alleged to have taken place in more recent times. This is followed by one on the immortality of the soul, that theme appropriately closing the volume.

*The Hebrew People: or, The History and Religion of the Israelites, from the Origin of the Nation to the Time of Christ;* deduced from the writings of Moses, and other inspired authors; and illustrated by copious references to the ancient records, traditions, and mythology of the heathen world. By George Smith, F.S.A., Member of the Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland, of the Royal Society of Literature, of the Irish Archaeological Society, &c. New York: published by Lane & Scott, 200 Mulberry street, 1850.

THE title of this book describes it very well. It is a compilation following closely the Old Testament records, and afterwards Josephus, aided by the critical labors of the English (chiefly) philologists and antiquarians. As such it may be looked upon as more reliable, and better suited to the wants of the present day than the history of Josephus. A book of this kind, where the sacred history is harmonized and chronologically arranged, is convenient in any library. The style is simple, and the narrative unpretending, the author not attempting anything very profound or original. The whole history of the Jews is a subject, after all, to which justice has not been done. It surely is one of great capabilities, full of wonder and romantic interest. Yet all works upon it are either dull narratives or controversial disquisitions, too theological to be generally interesting. We have thought that the proper historian of the Jews should be a christianized Jew. Such a man who possessed the necessary genius and learning, would bring a degree of enthusiasm to the work, and an emotional realization of the ancient Jewish position as contrasted with their present one, such as others could not well attain. The mystery of their origin, the glory of their prosperity, the melancholy grandeur of their downfall, and the wonder of their present condition, might then be reflected in a narrative that should be fascinating as well as instructive. The Hebrew people have yet an important part to play in the world, and it is strange that their history is regarded by Christian people with so much apathy. We know of no accessible English work which conducts it down to the present time, except a compilation, by M. A. Berk, a converted Jew, published in Boston in 1849. Those interested in the work under notice will find this a proper continuation of it.

*The Psalms. Translated and explained.* By J. A. Alexander, Professor in the Theological Seminary, at Princeton. Volume 2. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1850.

In announcing the second volume of Dr. Alexander's commentary, we would repeat the commendation expressed in our notice of the first, viz. that it is the best we know of for popular use. He seems to be more brief and succinct in his comments, but, on examination, we find the essential meaning of each verse fully given; so that each reader according to his bent, may erect his "doctrinal, devotional, or practical superstructure" on this "exegetical basis."

It is really amazing how much light a judicious paraphrase like this will give to one accustomed to repeating or hearing read, the Book of Psalms, and giving to the verses their obvious superficial meaning. A word newly translated, or some note of information such as learned men only can supply, changes the obscure Hebraism into logical English. The third volume will complete this work, which is in portable duodecimo form, convenient to

be taken up for one's ordinary reading, while a larger book might be used only for occasional reference.

*The English Language in its Elements and Forms, with a History of its Origin and Development,* designed for use in Colleges and Schools. By William C. Fowler, late Professor of Rhetoric in Amherst College. Harpers.

THIS is a comprehensive work, drawn chiefly from the labors of the most distinguished recent foreign illustrators of the history and genius of the English language. The method is similar to that adopted by the active and ingenious philologist, Mr. Latham, late Professor of English Language and Literature in University College, London; indeed, the essential form and spirit of the work, with much of the precise detail, belongs to that writer's published work on "the English Language." Mr. Fowler makes a general acknowledgment concerning this point in the preface; but we think it might have been introduced with great propriety on his title-page. We have long been desirous of seeing Mr. Latham's labors introduced to American readers; and certainly at the present time Mr. Fowler could not have chosen an abler or more really learned guide. Mr. Latham's brief, pithy, striking sentences, are happy instances of analysis, and, as a consequence, liberally suggestive. He touches a subject to throw light upon it, and passes on to new distinctions. This gives his work the air of a text book rather than a treatise: an outline to facilitate the labors of teachers, and methodize the knowledge of students. How wide is that range of knowledge, with its historical deductions, its philosophical analyses, its critical comparisons—alongside of the dry catalogue of rules of syntax, which were all that pupils associated with grammar till of late. In this work, grammar, in its divisions and dependencies, becomes a study for life, ever growing and enlarging with the development of the mind and the expanding resources of history in the study of the elements, in race, physical conditions, and the other topics of the ethnologist. Mr. Fowler has brought under definite arrangement a vast mass of interesting matter together, drawing, as he acknowledges, freely upon the labors of foreign scholars—as Rask, Bosworth, Grimm,—the grammarians, Lowth, Murray, and others. Professor Gibbs of Yale College furnishes some important sections on the Derivation of Sounds, a chapter on Reflective Verbs, &c., contributing largely to the etymological portion of the work. In the minor detail, the illustrative writings of Mr. Bartlett on "Americanisms," and Lower on "Surnames," are not forgotten.

*George Castriot, surnamed Scanderbeg, King of Albania.* By Clement C. Moore, LL.D. Appleton & Co.

THE hero Scanderbeg is one of the great celebrities of partisan warfare, a species of Garibaldi of the 15th century. He was the son of an old Albanian sovereign whose kingdom fell before the Turks, and was left himself among the Amuraths as a hostage. His fighting qualities advanced him in the army: he was trusted with the command of forces in the west, traitorously went over to the Christian army of the Hungarians, and by fraud and murder got possession of his native fortresses, where, with various vicissitudes, for more than twenty years he held himself unconquered, in chivalric defiance of the Turk. He succeeded at last, and died on Venetian territory. His life is told by an old Monk, Barletius, the authority of Gib-

bon; a French translation of the Latin work by the name of Lavardin; and in Keble's History of the Turks. An old English folio exists,—a translation from Lavardin's French. From this translation of a translation, Dr. Moore's book is arranged in a continuous narrative, which has pretty much the same interest in its material as the fighting portion of the life of Chevalier Bayard. We could have wished a critical analysis and commentary from the learned editor. We need collateral illustrations of his country and times, and a sifting of his original biographer to fix the character of the man.

*The Nicomachean Ethics of Aristotle.* Translated with Notes, original and selected; an Analytical Introduction; and Questions for the Use of Students. By R. W. Browne, M.A., Professor of Classical Literature in King's College, London; and Prebendary of St. Paul's. London: Bohn. New York: Bangs, Brother & Co.

A VOLUME of the carefully edited Classical Library of Mr. Bohn. The translation is a new one where it is not carefully revised from the previous ones, and the exact prefatory analysis and questions at the close fix in the mind of the student the subtle logical and ethical distinctions of the text. The popular study of these original fountains of thought is one of the signs of the mental cultivation of the age, which Mr. Bohn, with his editions of Plato, the Dramaists, &c., has been greatly instrumental in furthering. The work before us is presented with every attention to method in arrangement and useful illustration in the notes.

*Universal Dictionary of Weights and Measures, Ancient and Modern, reduced to the Standard of the United States of America.* By J. H. Alexander. Baltimore: Wm. Minifie & Co.

THIS is a work of singular learning and fidelity to a leading idea. As its title imports, it is of obvious and general use in purposes of trade: but enlightened as, at this time of day, is this object, the book arose in the course of a still more liberal study. The author's researches have been, he tells us, "principally in a historical aspect; and the materials themselves were collected to serve for my own use, as a guide in detecting, and, in the absence of other proof, of proving the migrations and commerce of different nations, and at different periods." The work grew on the student's hands, and resulted in this useful cyclopaediae dictionary, where, in a moment, you may learn the exact value of the variously diverse weights and measures of different periods and countries—to the number of about six thousand! First you have the name, in other columns the locality, character, and value in acres, bushels, cubic feet, gallons, mile, pound, &c. To add to the convenience, there is a supplementary view of the weight and measure systems of the world, arranged by countries. The work is dedicated to Alexander Dallas Bache. It commends itself equally to the curious student and to the practical man of business.

*A Lexicon of Terms used in Natural History.* By W. S. W. Ruschenberger, M.D. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.

A VALUABLE manual for general reference and for use in connexion with the author's series on Natural History. Its form is convenient, and its low price desirable for extensive circulation. The derivations are given with the

definitions, an important aid to the best understanding of the terms.

*Meyer's Universum* is the title of a series of pictorial illustrations of celebrated localities, with letterpress in German, published by H. J. Meyer, 8 North William street. The designs are well selected, from town and country.

*Of Serial Illustrated Works*, we have from Tallis, Willoughby & Co. the 4th part of *Halliwell's Shakspeare*, concluding the "Merry Wives of Windsor," with two original drawings by Corbould; parts 6 and 7 of *Fleetwood's Life of Christ*, illustrated, with attention to costume and landscape, by Henry Warren, a London artist, associate with others in the designs of Gliddon's Panorama of Egypt; parts 9 to 19 of *R. Montgomery Martin's British Colonies*, including chapters, physical, social, and political, on New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland, the Hudson's Bay Territories, Australia, its settlement, history, trade, resources, emigration, &c.—a highly valuable work for mercantile and library evidence, with excellent map and portrait illustrations; parts 3 to 6 of *Tony Johannot's Illustrated Don Quixote*, a well printed edition, with the countless admirably drawn designs well presented, in three cent numbers; in like cheap form an illustrated *History of Napoleon*, edited by R. H. Horne (the author of "Orion"), with numerous engravings on wood from designs by Raffet, Vernet, and others; *Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call*, 13 to 16, with the continuation of the editor's novel, "The History of a Human Heart"; and, in little quarto numbers for children, an *Illustrated Scripture History for the Young*, of which three parts have been issued.

MESSRS. FRANCIS AND MRS. BROWNING'S POEMS.

A FORTNIGHT since we had occasion to comment upon an interference with the rights of authors, by a publisher, in a departure from that course best calculated to secure the respect and support of the public—in an ill arranged edition of the Poems of Miss Barrett—with some omissions which we specified at the time. We have since received from Messrs. Francis, the publishers, the following note on the subject, which (with the omission of one or two irrelevances) we willingly lay before our readers, at the request of that party:—

To the Editors of the *Literary World*.

GENTS: The comments upon our edition of Mrs. Browning's Poems, contained in your paper of last week, are so unjust, and if unnoticed or uncontradicted, so calculated to injure our reputation, and to give your readers a very false impression of the book itself, that we must claim of you, as impartial journalists, the right to say a few words in reply, and we will occupy for that purpose as little room as possible.

First: To deal with the sin of omission of which we are accused by your reviewer—for in this appears to consist our heaviest offence—it is true that two Notes have been omitted from our edition, which we now request you to publish, that we may, by their circulation in your columns, in some measure atone for our offence, and at the same time enable your readers to judge of its heinousness, and in how great a degree the omission of these notes detracts from the value of our book.

Note 1, page 1, of Preface to our second volume. " \* My thanks are especially due to Mr. Mathews, the eloquent Secretary of the American Copyright Club; a gentleman whose success in the construction of fossil romances [see his gigan-

tic Bebemeth] does not interfere with the freshness of his cordialities."

Note on page —, vol. —, Poems on Man, by Cornelius Mathews.\*

" \* A small volume, by an American Poet, as remarkable, in thought and manner, for a vital, sinewy vigor, as the right arm of Pathfinder."

And now, what have we done in the way of "commission?" We are accused of having included in our edition a whole volume of Poems by Miss Barrett, "The Seraphim, etc." never before published in this country, and therefore not to be found in the former New York edition. We plead guilty to this; for we proposed to furnish the American admirers of this lady with as complete a collection of her original poetry as we could gather, and they are reprinted verbatim from the London copy, without "omission or commission." The reason why these poems were not included in Moxon's edition, from which Langley's edition was reprinted, probably was, that the copyright of them was held by another London house; and not, as might be inferred from the words of your reviewer, because they are not poems "by which she wishes to have her fame adjudged"—an inference, we believe, which the author would by no means relish. Of course, as these were the earlier poems, we placed them in our first volume, with the Preface belonging them. It is not true that we paid no regard to the author's arrangement of her Prefaces, for we were careful not to separate them from the poems to which they were originally attached. Our second volume contains the Drama of Exile, and other Poems, as published in London by Mr. Moxon, and in this city by Messrs. Langley, with the author's Dedication and Preface, the latter relating almost entirely to the principal poem. We have not removed them from their proper position; and they occupy, in our edition, the only place they could occupy with propriety. The only change we have made in the arrangement of the Poems, has been to place some of the minor poems, from the former edition, at the end of our first volume, in order to make our volumes of uniform size.

Will your reviewer explain the "palpable deception" and "stigma" of this? and tell us in what way "the distinguished lady is misrepresented and misrepresented?"

Very respectfully yours,  
CHAS. S. FRANCIS & CO.

New York, Sept. 16, 1850.

Messrs. Francis's facts confirm our statements. It can hardly be expected that, at this time of day, we should argue the principle of the thing. It is conclusively established, we believe, that an author is the best judge of the order and propriety of his or her publications, whether of "uniform size in the volumes" in a bookseller's view or not; and the privilege is not at all weakened among right-thinking men in this country, by the absence of any legal protection against interference with it. A publisher, to be sure, may make what alterations he may choose, and he may think them very trifling; but a reviewer may have a different sense of the matter, and find himself in a position where he is called upon to assert the rights of the author. The protests of the Press have, it is well known, in the absence of any International Copyright Law, almost entirely checked the somewhat common practice, not a very long while ago, of mutilating English books—which were cut down to the tastes or conveniences of the trade. It is rare now to find a publisher who will thus risk an imperfect edition. If the quantity of omission is slight, as in this case, why make it at all? Why not restore in their appropriate place, at the expense of a few shillings in remodelling stereotype plates, the expunged passages? That these passages are complimentary to an American author, who was instrumental in a considerable degree at the outset in making

the reputation known, upon which this speculation of the new edition is now trading, should only add to the carefulness of the publisher in preserving them.

There is some quibbling in the statement about the arrangement of the prefaces. It is now said, be it observed, that the prefaces are in the right place, while some of the poems have been put in the wrong place! *risum teneatis, amici!*

Messrs. Francis, having admitted the facts, must certainly, we think, on spontaneous reflection, agree with us as to the principle involved.

#### VISIT TO WORDSWORTH'S GRAVE.

[Correspondence London Literary Gazette, Aug. 31.]

DEAR SIR.—The following short account of a visit paid to the grave of the late Laureate, may perhaps not be without interest to some of your readers. Preparing myself by a solitary walk over the summit of Helvellyn, among scenes rendered immortal by his pen, I arrived at Grasmere, at the close of a lovely summer evening. As I descended towards the church, all at once the bells struck up a merry peal, and the strains of a distant band came up from the vale below. On reaching the churchyard, I found it filled with gay groups of villagers and visitors, drawn together from all the surrounding district to witness the annual ceremony of the rush-bearing. This ancient custom, still kept up in this village and at Ambleside, is a relic of the primitive and simple practice of strewing the church floor with rushes, which were annually renewed with much ceremony, and these accompanying festivities are yet preserved, though the custom in which they originated has long since died away. Along the wall of the churchyard were duly arranged all the floral devices composed for the occasion by the village maidens, the whole having been previously submitted to a tribunal of taste, and the author of the most approved appointed Queen of the evening. Some of these devices were tawdry enough; others, again, displayed unusual elegance and taste, so much so that I am inclined to think some of the fair visitors must have been trying their hands at such appropriate women's work. I observed that the most elegant were those in which the original idea of the rush was most strictly carried out, and one in particular, as an Eastern traveller, took my attention. It was a graceful model of the African palm, formed of rushes and of ferns. Preceded by a band of music, the garlands were then paraded in procession two or three times round the churchyard, previously to being deposited in the church, where they remain for a couple of Sundays.

It was a striking thing to one who had come to visit a lonely grave, to find the place thus filled with gay groups and smiling faces, and to hear on all sides the sounds of festivity and mirth; and yet it was a scene that he would have rejoiced in had he been spared to see it; and another who sleeps hard by would have enjoyed it too—poor Huntley Coleridge!

The grave of Wordsworth lies in a secluded corner of the churchyard, close to that of his beloved daughter, Mrs. Quillinan. A simple upright slab marks the spot, and the sole inscription that it bears consists of the two words "William Wordsworth." Others of his family sleep around, and I observed that though he has written epitaphs in verse for others in this district (and none knew better how to do it), all those of his own family consist of simple texts of scripture without note or comment.—Yours, &c.

R. F.

#### WORDSWORTH.

He laid him down beside the murmuring streams,  
In hidden haunts, where sleep the woodland flowers,  
And Nature stole to him in those sweet hours,  
Whispering as to an infant 'mid his dreams;  
She bade the daisy, the wild, virgin rose  
Unfold a beauty masked from unchaste eyes;  
The talking groves told wondrous mysteries;  
The moss-grown rocks a brooding soul disclose;  
To him all living things their life impart;  
He listened as a simple child, and then  
With the rare secret burning at his heart  
Walked forth into the world of barren men,  
And spake aloud: lo! in that uttered word  
The voice of newborn poesy was heard.

#### KEATS.

From the deep bosom of the musical sea  
Rose the slight wave, still gathering as it went  
Its curves of billowy grace, and sounding on  
With quaint, wild melodies, that won the ears  
Of charmed sea nymphs, and around it drew  
The floating echoes; but at stately height  
Just towering to the skies, a full-voiced song  
Just pouring on the breeze, it brake, it fell  
In one last wail, and murmuring died away,  
Wasting its beauty on the sullen beach.

E. A. W.

Newburyport, Mass.

#### TO JENNY LIND

A MELODY with Southern passion fraught  
I hear thee warble: 'tis as if a bird  
By intuition human strains had caught,  
But whose pure breast no kindred feeling stirred.  
Thy native song the hushed arena fills,  
So wildly plaintive, that I seem to stand  
Alone, and see, from off the circling hills,  
The bright horizon of the North expand!  
High art is thus intact; and matchless skill  
Born of intelligence and self-control,—  
The graduated tone and perfect trill  
Prove a restrained, but not a frigid soul;  
Thine finds expression in such generous deeds,  
That music from thy lips for human sorrow pleads!

H. T. T.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### MULLER'S MINSTREL'S CURSE.

A VERY fine group of Statuary is now open to the public at the National Academy of Design. It is intended to illustrate a ballad by Uhland, which we quote, both to tell the story of the statue and because we are always glad to place a fine poem before our readers. We give the following translation by William Allen Butler, which appeared in the Democratic Review some years ago, in preference to that printed in the bills furnished at the room:

##### THE MINSTREL'S CURSE.

In ancient times a castle stood, so proud and loftily,  
Across the land its splendor shone, across the deep blue sea;  
Fair gardens bloomed around where precious odors slept,  
And in the rainbows gleaming the sparkling fountains leapt.

There reigned a fearful monarch for lands and wars renowned,  
Pale on his throne he sat, with cruel purpose crowned;  
Fierce passion clothed his thoughts and mingled with its breath,  
For all his glance was terror, and all his words were death.

Unto this lordly castle two minstrels came one day.  
One fair, with golden locks; the other worn and grey,—

The old man with his harp, in all a minstrel's pride,  
Rode on his gallant steed while walked the youth beside.

Out spake the aged Harper—"make ready now,  
my son,  
Call all your powers together, and tune your loftiest tone;  
Bid all your songs of joy or grief once more to memory start,  
For we perchance this day may move the monarch's stony heart."

Now stand these gentle minstrels the lofty hall within,  
Upon his throne the monarch sits, and by his side the Queen,—  
He clothed in fearful splendor, as gleams the Northern Night,  
She smiling soft and mild, as beams the full moonlight.

The old man strikes the sounding chords, and clear and still more clear,  
The tides of music gush, and break upon the ear:  
Like echoes from the grave his mighty song ascends,  
While heavenly sweet between, the youth's soft carol blends.

They sang of Spring and Love, the golden time of youth,  
Of Freedom, Faith, and Hope,—of Holiness and Truth,—  
Of all sweet things that soothe, and loftiest things that can  
Rouse into hero deeds the wondrous soul of man.  
The courtiers stand in circles,—they leave the jest unsaid;  
The warriors fierce and grim with reverence bow the head;  
The Queen is roused with rapture, then sinks in dreamy rest,  
And to the minstrel throws the rose from off her breast.

The king with fury trembles—in fiercest wrath he cries,  
"Seek you to charm my Court and Queen before my very eyes?"  
Then at the youth his sword he hurls, swift through his breast it gleams,  
Thereon, instead of golden songs, the gushing life-blood streams.

As by a whirlwind driven, the startled bearers fly,  
The youth, within his Master's arms, breathes out his latest sigh;  
The old man wraps his mantle around the quivering clay,  
Then binds it upright on his steed, and sadly goes his way.

Outside the castle gates, before the wall he stands,  
And takes once more the wondrous harp within his aged hands,  
Then on a marble column dashes the trembling strings,  
And cries aloud while far around the solemn echo rings:

"Wo to these halls of pride! no more shall they resound  
With melody or song, or music's gentle sound;  
Here sighs and groans shall echo, and slavish foot-steps fall,  
Till burst the bolts of Fate, and ruin buries all."

"Wo to these blooming gardens! in the soft light of May,  
Behold this pallid face from which the life has passed away;  
Ye blossoms wither at the sight, ye streams forsake your flow,  
Give place to barren wastes where desert weeds may grow."

"Wo, murderer to thee! Curse of the Minstrel  
name!  
Vain be thy strivings after the bloody wreath of  
fame;  
Breathed like a dying breath into the empty  
air,  
Thy name be lost in silence, the night of death to  
share."

The old man's voice is silent, the Heavens have  
heard his cry;  
Long since a heap of ruins the lofty turrets  
lie,—  
One shattered column stands alone the fatal tide  
to breast,  
Soon tottering to its fall, to moulder with the  
rest.

Where once the gardens smiled a dreary desert  
lies,—  
No tree with grateful shadows, no sparkling foun-  
tains rise,  
No Legend tells the monarch's name, his fame no  
lofty verse,  
Forsaken and Forgotten,—this was the Minstrel's  
Curse! .

The Minstrel is pressing forward with one knee slightly bent, and the other leg stretched out to a tight tension of the muscles. His left hand grasps the arm of his son, whose body, in a half reclined posture, rests on the father's thigh. The right arm is extended over his head, and the outstretched hand, the palm turned upwards, seems, if we may so express it, as if inviting the malison on the House he turns from. The Minstrel's head is thrown back—his eyes are deep-set beneath a colossal brow, and the parted lips seem to gasp for the breath which the horrors of the curse, even in the eyes of the invoker, seem to have deprived it of. The form is erect and massive, a contrast of fully developed and matured Life, with early Death, as shown in the body of the youth. The face of the latter, which is turned downwards, and can only be seen by a close view at the side of the group, beautifully expresses the first change of death in its victim. The features seem sharpening and the eye sinking as you look on them.

The youth is naked; the father has a cloak thrown over his shoulder, which is secured by a broad band, and falls in heavy folds to the ground. The hem of this robe is fringed, and colored a pale pink; the edges of the band are gilt; and the oak chaplet which binds the minstrel's brow, has its leaves in their natural green, and its acorns gilt. In like manner, the rose which is falling from the hand of the dead youth is colored pink, touched with gold.

This polychromatic decoration is a recent revival of a classical custom, and was first adopted, we believe, at Munich. It should be used only in connexion with extremely ornate architecture. Were this statue placed in a hall whose pavement was a brilliant mosaic and its walls and ceilings resplendent with brilliant arabesques, its "polychromy" would appear very different from what it does now. Still we should not be inclined to favor it in either case. It is much more suggestive, in our minds, of sugar-candy, than of nature or high art.

MESSRS. GOUPI & Co. have added to their collection of "Views of the most interesting objects and scenery in the United States," drawn by Kölner and lithographed in Paris by Deroy, a series of six views in and about New York. Three are general views of the city and bay from Governor's and Staten Islands, and from Brooklyn. The points are well selected for the picturesque, and the effects are given with ease and accuracy. A sketch of the City

Hall brings its architecture in strong relief. Two street views are given with abundant spirit,—one looking down Broadway, from the Park, with *omnibus* and "Barnum's" in full display; and Wall Street to Trinity Church, from the corner of William Street. We presume these are but the commencement of the New York series. They are agreeable additions to the portfolio, and souvenirs of value and interest to travellers visiting the city.

The same house has issued a most spirited colored lithograph, of large size, of Mount's *Just in Time*. It represents a youth, in full freshness, of the genuine Long Island stamp, violin in hand, evidently "just in time" for a junketing. The drawing is bold and forcible, the coloring highly effective, and the character generally admirably preserved. A companion to it is to be engraved from an original oil painting recently finished, and now in Messrs. Goupil's rooms in Broadway. The subject is a luxuriant picturesque young mulatto in full command of the bowstring.

Another novelty from Messrs. Goupil is a Parisian lithograph, of the life size, of Stuart's Head of Washington, colored—a welcome rendering of the most popular and best cherished presentment of the features of the great Father of the Republic. It is eminently the *good Washington*, and likely to be generally introduced among the households of the country.

The illustrations for the September Art Journal (Virtue, 26 John Street,) are, Sir Thomas Lawrence's "Countess," from the Vernon Gallery, a spirituelle head of the finest type of English beauty; a "Highland Cottage," a pleasant interior, by H. Fraser; and "the Port of Leghorn," by Calleott. Preparations are making for an illustrated catalogue of the exhibition of 1851.

GEORGE VIRTUE & Co. have issued Parts 23—26 of the Pictorial edition of Lord Byron, completing the work. Also the completion of the Devotional Family Bible, Part 100, and Supplement, with a vignette and engraved family record.

#### MUSIC.

MADILLE LIND'S third concert on Tuesday last was, as we stated in our former notice, as interesting as those which had preceded it. The overtures to *Guillaume Tell* and *Masaniello* were given by the orchestra; and, on the whole, were well played, with more vigor and steadiness, perhaps, than delicacy or finish. "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*, was exquisitely sung by Madille Lind, with an expression and earnestness that redeemed this rather commonplace composition from all that is ordinary in it, while the last movement was delivered with the perfection of grace and facility. Then followed the gem of the programme, Mozart's "Non Pavent," which, as a specimen of fine classical singing, could not be surpassed. It was violently encored, when the lady returned and repeated the finale with even more fire and brilliancy than before. It was truly a masterly performance. Her well known rendering of "Quando lasciai La Normandia," was finished and charming as ever, closing with a really perfect *sotto voce* shake. To this succeeded "Ah non giunge," of which, hackneyed as it is, Madille Lind has contrived an almost peculiar version. Her variations were skilful and musicianly, and sung with the utmost clearness and purity. To these were added the popular Swedish Echo Song, and one of

M. Benedict's ballads, "Take this Lute." Signor Belletti was in excellent voice, and performed his share of the programme in a style that left nothing to be desired. This gentleman's well-toned voice gains upon us on repeated hearings. It is round, full, and excellent in intonation, and moreover has been studiously cultivated. On this occasion he sang Bellini's "Vi Ravviso;" Mozart's "Non piu andrai;" and Rossini's *Tarentella*, "Gi la Luna;" of which the last particularly fascinated his audience, and was sung by him with all due spirit and humor. The instrumental portion of the concert consisted, in addition to the overtures above referred to, of a duet between the violin and pianoforte, played by Messrs. Benedict and Noll, on Themes of Bellini; it was well played, but is hardly a composition of much interest. Lastly, Mr. Hoffman played one of De Meyer's *soli*. This young gentleman's exquisite playing, perfect almost as it is in our minds, both in touch and execution, could scarcely be appreciated in so large a house; the delicacy of some piano passages being utterly lost amid this ill-contrived hall.

On Thursday evening the same programme was repeated.

On Saturday, the trio for voice and two flutes, "Ah non giunge," and the Echo Song, were repeated, with the addition of various novelties. "Prendi, per me," from *L'Elisir d'Amore* was finely delivered by Madille Lind; but is a scene totally without interest to us. Devoid of melody or dramatic feeling of any kind, it can only be made a subject of executive brilliancy. The famous duet with Signor Belletti, "Il fanatico per La Musica," was admirably sung, its many difficulties being so many trifles to one so highly trained as this lady has been. M. Benedict's ballad, "By the sad sea waves," one of his best by the bye, was also given by her. Signor Belletti sang "Ecco il pugno," from *Gemma di Verdy*, and likewise Ricci's aria, "Sulla poppa del mio brick," both of which were excellently given, and seemed to be appreciated by his audience. The instrumental portion of the concert consisted of the overtures to *Der Freischütz* and to *Zampa*, well conducted by M. Benedict. Mr. Hoffman played Thalberg's God save the Queen with his usual power and skill. A March from M. Benedict's opera of the *Crusaders* was also admirably played; and to our recollection, it is one of the best things in the opera. The same programme will be performed on Tuesday evening, after which, Madille Lind proceeds to Boston. For the present, therefore, we take our leave of her, and her corps musicale.

#### FACTS AND OPINIONS.

HON. WM. H. STILES, late Chargé des Affaires from this country to the court of Vienna, has, we understand, in preparation a work on Austria. It is intended to embrace a historical sketch of the different Provinces composing the Empire, a view of the internal policy of the government since the treaty of Vienna, and a detailed account of the occurrences of the revolutionary period since the fall of Prince Metternich in Austria Proper, Lombardy, and Hungary. Mr. Stiles has been collecting materials for the work during a residence of five years abroad, where his official position has given him, of course, peculiar advantages for gaining accurate and valuable information on the subject. Mr. Stiles was an eye-witness of the outbreak of the Revolution, and was present in Vienna, and afterwards in Lombardy and Venice, during the progress of the most important events which marked its career. An authentic work on

this subject, written in a fair and conscientious spirit, and embodying the result of personal observation and careful research, can hardly fail to excite interest and attention, and will add very considerably to the knowledge which we possess of that little-understood, but vastly influential member of the European Confederacy, the Austrian Empire.

Mr. J. Jay Smith's plan for a repetition of the Great London Exhibition of 1851 in this city in 1852, seems to be progressing favorably. The Art-Journal states that he has the promised co-operation of the leading manufacturers of the chief European cities, and commends him warmly to the manufacturers of England.

The artists of Stockholm have just completed a medal in honor of their great countrywoman, Jenny Lind.

Among many projects in reference the Great Exhibition of 1851, is one, that it should be taken advantage of to improve the present style of dress to something more picturesque and convenient, through the display of garments of improved shapes.

A substitute for coal is said to have been discovered in Russia, between Dorpat and Narva. It is of a yellowish-brown color, with white spots, and said to be of a much earlier geological period than any known coal field.

Among the visitors to be expected in London in 1851, will be a German chorus, made up of many Liedertafel societies, rivaling in number the never-to-be-forgotten Cologne gathering (an assemblage of more than 2000 voices), the intention of which is to give performances in London.

At the recent meeting of the British Association, in the Ethnological Section, Major Rawlinson, at the close of some remarks on the interpretation of the Assyrian mode of writing, observed "that we had every prospect of a most important accession to our ethnological materials, for every letter he got from the countries now being explored, announced fresh discoveries of the utmost importance. In Lower Chaldea, Mr. Loftus, the geologist to the Commission appointed to fix the boundaries between Turkey and Persia, had visited many cities which no European had ever reached before, and had everywhere found the most extraordinary remains. At one place, Senkereh, he had come on a pavement, extending from half an acre to an acre, entirely covered with writing which was engraved upon baked tiles, &c. At Wurka (or Ur of the Chaldees), whence Abraham came out, he had found innumerable inscriptions; they were of no great extent, but they were exceedingly interesting, giving many royal names previously unknown. Wurka (Ur or Orchoe) seemed to be a holy city, for the whole country, for miles upon miles, was nothing but a huge necropolis. In none of the excavations in Assyria had coffins ever been found, but in this city of Chaldea there were thousands upon thousands. The story of Abraham's birth at Wurka did not originate with the Arabs, as had sometimes been conjectured, but with the Jews; and the Orientals had numberless fables about Abraham and Nimroud. Mr. Layard, in excavating beneath the great pyramid at Nimroud, had penetrated a mass of masonry, within which he had discovered the tomb and statue of Sardanapalus, accompanied by full annals of the monarch's reign engraved on the walls. He had also found tablets of all sorts, all of them being historical; but the crowning discovery he had yet to describe. The palace at Nineveh, or Koynupih, had evidently been destroyed by fire, but one portion of the building seemed to have escaped its influence; and Mr. Layard, in excavating in this part of the palace, had found a large room filled with what appeared to be the archives of the empire, ranged in successive tablets of terra cotta, the writings being as perfect as when the tablets were first stamped. They were piled in huge heaps from the floor to the ceiling, and he wrote to him (Major Rawlinson) stating that he had already filled five large cases for despatch to England, but had only cleared out one corner of the apartment. From the progress already made in

reading the inscriptions, he believed we should be able pretty well to understand the contents of these tablets—at all events, we should ascertain their general purport, and thus gain much valuable information. A passage might be remembered in the book of Ezra, where the Jews having been disturbed in building the Temple, prayed that search might be made in the house of records for the edict of Cyrus permitting them to return to Jerusalem. The chamber recently found might be presumed to be the house of records of the Assyrian kings, where copies of the royal edicts were duly deposited. When these tablets had been examined and deciphered, he believed that we should have a better acquaintance with the history, the religion, the philosophy, and the jurisprudence of Assyria 1500 years before the Christian era than we had of Greece or Rome during any period of their respective histories."

An Irishman huffing his bread and butter is thus depicted in a sketch of Woodhouse's (Bellamy's), the restaurant of the House of Commons, by the gossiping London correspondent of the *Liverpool Albion* :—" Certain Milesian gentlemen who hold long conversations with themselves, in very loud voices, about things they can't find though under their noses, and censuring them when found, fish sauces being seemingly a favorite provocative of these soliloquies, something in this fashion :— 'Och, there's never a grain of kayean in the place! Well, here it is ;—just like powdhered brickbat ;—divil a bit of fire in it no more nor sawdust. No soy now ; I knew there wasn't. Ach, this is it, is it ? Soy, indeed ;—faith I think it would be honest to call it threacle at once. Is it 'eovies I'm looking for ? Much use that. Well, here's something red certainly ; only there's no getting at it ;—it's stuck like salingwax, and may be it's wax it is too, if the truth was known. Reading sauce, eh ? It isn't my book you'd suit, any how, if I knew you, and it isn't the honor of your acquaintance myself has. Kitschup ;—where's that, I'd like to know ? and echo answers nowhere at all at all. This is it, is it ? Kitchup !—wouldn't blacking and saltwater be more like it ? Here, waiter—here's me potatoes like snowballs with the chill off—it gives me the toothach with the cold to look at them.'—Exeunt waiter and potatoes lukewarmly ; and Irish member proceeds to anathematize the contents of the bread-basket, because Bellamy's loaves aren't baked with two bottom crusts a-piece."

At a recent London sale of the plate of the late President of the Royal Academy, Sir Martin Shee's portrait of Moore, the poet, the auctioneer (says the letter writer just quoted), reminded the audience "that it was likely soon to be in request not only from the state of the poet's health, but because a life of him is forthcoming. A 'Life of Moore' was an announcement sufficient to set the least literary ear on the rack of expectancy ; and accordingly your Correspondent put himself in immediate communication with the intelligence of the hammer, who informed him that Bentley has the work in hand. Next came, of course, the question, who is the author ? The informant didn't know, but believed it was Father Prout—a most unexceptionable personage, beyond all question, for that or any similar purpose ; only the writer of the 'Plagiarisms of Tom Moore,' as the padre is understood to have been (and even some of the Watergrass-hill effusions themselves are the reverse of complimentary to Mr. Little), is not precisely the biographer of the 'post of every circle and the idol of his own,' one would think ; but it is to be hoped, and there is good reason to suppose, that Moore himself turned his unrivalled opportunity and his inimitable capacity for observation to account with a view to posthumous purposes. Meanwhile, his Reverence, the Father aforesaid, Frank Mahony, to wit, is laid up with the gout."

"Shee," we quote from the same *Correspondent*, "will be succeeded in the presidency by Turner, in right of seniority, unless his great age, or, rather, the calls upon his time from more lucrative occupation, may induce the author-painter of the

"Fallacies of Hope" to decline the post and its £300 a year. Turner is commonly reputed in the profession to be worth upwards of half a million sterling—not all made by painting, of course, for he has been a fortunate city speculator, though his professional gains have been as enormous as his industry has been unparalleled. No one knows, probably not himself, the immensity of his productions. Works of his in all styles, and on all subjects, turn up every day, of the existence of which the craft have had no notion. It is his boast that he has seen the sun rise oftener than any living man, and he certainly seems to have also acquired the secret of painting longer after sunset, for ordinary working hours would not suffice for half his labors, which are all his own :—no joint-stock combinations for him :—all is Turner : his worst faults being as purely characteristic as his greatest merits, and originality being stamped in every hue of both. It is said that he is now husbanding his powers for a final effort, wherewith he intends to consummate his artistic fame."

An officer of a crack cavalry regiment, says the *United Service Gazette*, in writing to the Duke of Wellington, addressed his grace, " Feed Martial the Duke of Wellington." The Duke was disgusted, and immediately issued the Educational Order.

A couple of volumes have been recently published in England bearing the title, " *Germania; its Courts, Camps, and People*," by the *Baroness Blaze de Bury*, a lady whom the *Leader* thus paragraphs :—" And who, pray, is the BARONESS BLAZE DE BURY ? Why, sir, she is somewhat of a myth, making her avatars in literature with all the caprice and variety of VISHNOU or BROUGHAM ; her maiden name of Rose STEWART has not, that we can discover, been stained with printer's ink, but we trace her as ARTHUR DUDLEY in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, writing upon BULWER and DICKENS ; we next find her as MAURICE FLASSAN in *Les Français Peints par eux-mêmes*. Rumor further whispereth that she had a finger in *Albert Lunel*, one of the eccentricities of an eccentric law-lord, which was hurriedly suppressed, one knows not why ; in the *Edinburgh Review* she wrote a paper on *Molière*, and for CHARLES KNIGHT's *Weekly Volume* a pleasant little book about *Racine*, on the title-page of which she is styled MADAME BLAIZE BURY : since that time you observe she has blossomed into a Baroness de Bury ! Let us add that she is the wife of HENRI BLAZE, known as an agreeable critic and the translator of *Faust*, that she is said to be a great favorite with the author of *Albert Lunel*, and that she has the two novels *Mildred Vernon* and *Leoni Vermont* placed to her account. How many other shapes she may have assumed we know not ; are not these enough ? Whether, after all, a flesh-and-blood MADAME DE BURY exists, is more than we can decide."

We find the following in an English journal, quoted as a specimen of transatlantic persuasion, and credited to the *Mirror of the Time* :—" Mr. Crittenden, an American, was engaged in defending a man who had been indicted for a capital crime. After an elaborate defense he closed his effort by the following allegory :—' When God in his eternal counsel conceived the thought of man's creation, he called to Him the three ministers who wait constantly upon His throne, Justice, Truth, and Mercy, and thus addressed them : " Shall we make man ? " Then said Justice, " O God, make him not, for he will pollute thy sanctuaries." But Mercy, dropping upon her knees, and looking up through her tears, exclaimed, " O God, make him ; I will watch over him with my care through all the dark paths which he may have to tread." Then God made man, and said to him, " O man, thou art the child of mercy ; go and deal with thy brother." ' The jury were affected to tears ; and against the evidence, and what must have been their own convictions, at once brought in a verdict of not guilty !'

We have lost poor Balzac at last, writes the

Paris Correspondent of the *London Atlas*, in spite of the hope which had been held out to us so long that the faculty of Paris would be able to master the disease which had baffled the skill of so many Continental doctors. His has been, indeed, a life of trial and privation; the struggle against penury, which had begun in childhood, had been just ended when death has called him from the enjoyment of the only indulgence he had ever prayed for, and one for which he had been toiling all his life in vain,—relief from the pressure of debt and the pursuit of duns. It would seem as if his whole existence had been decreed by Providence to serve us as an illustration of the vanity of all human wishes. No sooner had the moral suffering been made to cease by his marriage with the wealthy Princess Rudweski, than he became a martyr to the physical agony of the disease which must have been smouldering for years. The whole literary world attended his funeral, and the greatest and most glorious supporters of modern French literature carried him to his grave. Victor Hugo pronounced the funeral oration amid the tears of those who had shared alike poor Balzac's poverty and his triumph. His illness had created the greatest interest in Paris, and not a name of renown in any class of society but was found written in his porter's book before his death. Poets, authors, ambassadors, statesmen, and princes, all rushed to display their sympathy upon this occasion of public anxiety. Every name of note was signed at his door,—save that of Prince Louis Bonaparte,—which clearly shows that our suspicions of his ambition are all ill-founded, and that he does not seek to imitate his uncle, who was so courteous to men of letters, but holds to originality in some things at least. Perhaps amongst all the authors of our day none will go down to posterity but Balzac. His ideas were grand and majestic, and his bold attacks upon the vices and follies of society constant and unwearied. As the greatest proof of his excellence as an author, may be mentioned the distinction which he shared with the great Molière: he was refused admittance to the Academie.

The *Venice Statuto* of the 13th instant, announces that Venice and Italy have experienced an irreparable loss, the celebrated Barbarigo Gallery, known for ages, having been lately purchased by the Court of Russia, for 560,000 francs.

According to an Austrian journal, 9,700,000 cigars were consumed in Austria in 1841; in 1849, 59,100,000; whilst the increase in 1850 is still more extravagant.

A Scotch journal says, "The *Scotsman*, in imitation of Sir Peter Lawrie, who 'puts down' suicide, is going to 'put down' Thomas Carlyle. 'It has come to that pass,' says our contemporary, 'that Carlyle must be put down.'"

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[From the Society's Bulletin for September.]

We believe that no Art Union Society in the World has ever made so valuable a return as that which will be received this year by the Subscribers of the American Art-Union. The managers some time since arrived at the conclusion that for the present, at any rate, the interests of Art as well as the wishes of the members would be consulted, by adding to the value of that which every one of them should receive, even if thereby the number of paintings to be distributed might be somewhat lessened. With this view they commissioned an engraving which they believe will be pronounced far better than any they have previously issued, both as regards technical execution and faithful rendering of the original picture. It is already sufficiently advanced to warrant the expression of this belief. The figure of ANNE PAGE, which LESLIE has endowed with a delicacy and grace so subtle and refined that its reproduction in black and white seems almost beyond the powers of the most skilful burin, is so nearly completed, and so successfully, too, that we may venture to predict the most happy results in the treatment of the whole work.

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The Bulletin for the remainder of the year will probably contain more valuable illustrations than those which have hitherto been published. We may announce, among others, an original etching in outline by DARLEY, whose works are now recognised in Europe as well as America as among the best in the world in their department, and whose fame the American Art Union has had the gratifying privilege of materially extending. It will be seen that the present number contains highly finished etching by HINSHELWOOD, after a drawing by ERNST MÜLLER, of the first picture of the series of the VOYAGE OF LIFE. Etchings of the third and fourth of the series will follow in succeeding numbers of the Bulletin.

In thus describing the return which each member will be certain to receive for each sum of five dollars contributed by him, we must not forget the works of Art already purchased to be included in the distribution for the present year, and which are certainly more numerous, interesting, and valuable than we have ever before exhibited at a corresponding period.

The September Bulletin for 1849, announced a Catalogue of but Two Hundred Works. We now present to the Public a List of more than Three Hundred, several among them being the best productions of their authors. It will be conceded, we think, that our walls have never exhibited better specimens of GLASS, BANKEY, HICKS, PEALE, BOUTELLE, CHURCH, HINCKLEY, KENSETT, DOUGHTY, GIONOUX, HUBBARD, CASILKAR, COLE, CROPSBY, AMES, and others, than they now contain. Besides these paintings there will be included in the distribution a beautiful bas relief in marble, by PALMER, of MORNING; a bust in marble, by MOSIER; twenty copies in Bronze of THE FILATRICE, a most graceful Statuette, by BROWN; six Bronze Busts of WASHINGTON, by KNEELAND; and several hundred Bronze Medals of Stuart and Trumbull. Such is the return which the Society is already prepared to offer to the Subscribers of 1850, and which will be still further extended and increased in value by the operations of the remaining months of the year.

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